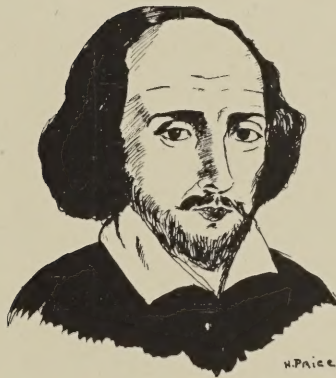


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FAIR FACTS

1925-1926



Shakespearean Number

Published by
Students of Fairfax Hall
Waynesboro, Virginia

Waynesboro Public Library
Waynesboro, Virginia

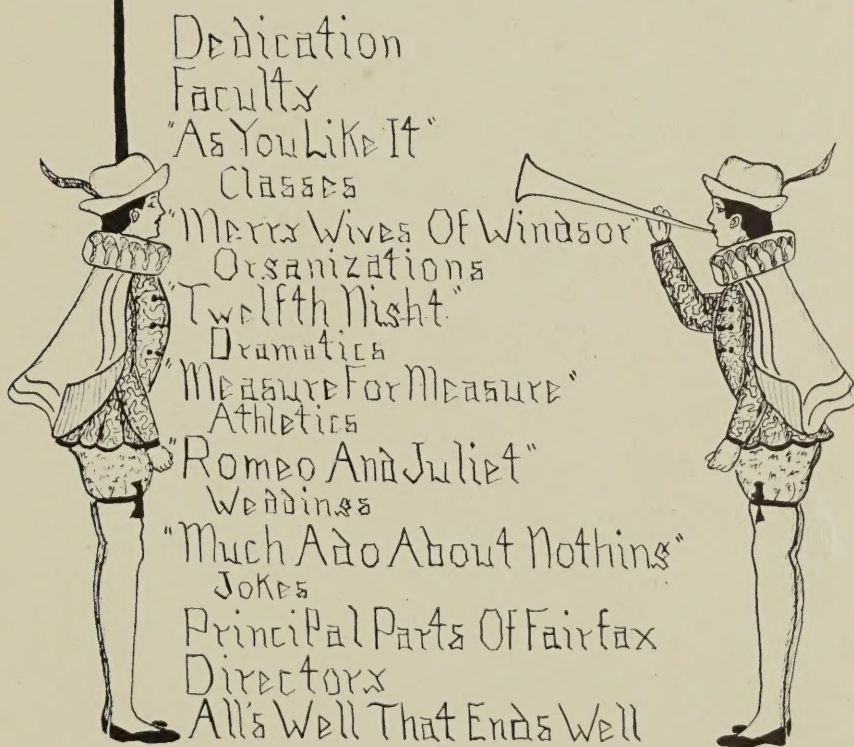


Foreworde

Goode friend, for Fair Facts sake, forbear
To scorn the thoughts enclosed here;
Blessed be they who give them fame,
But cursed, who only reade to blame.



Iye Prologue



To
Miss Constance Little

who has inspired us to
"Grow great by her example and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution,"
we dedicate our Annual





MISS CONSTANCE LITTLE
Dean

Alma Mater

Pledge we now our loyal friendship
Pledge it one and all
To the school we love so dearly;
Hail to Fairfax Hall!

CHORUS

Loudly praise our Alma Mater
Best school in the land.
Through the years we're friends forever,
Loyally we stand.

Memories shall always linger
Of our school so dear,
May the friendships formed at Fairfax
Live throughout the years.





JOHN NOBLE MAXWELL
President





MISS FRANCES MAY MAXWELL
Hostess



FACULTY



FACULTY



FACULTY





FACULTY



"This is very midsummer madness."



"A dream itself is but a shadow."



"To hold, as it were, the mirror up to Nature."



*"Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."*





MISS CONSTANCE LITTLE
Sponsor

Senior Organization

MOTTO

"Deeds, not dreams"

COLORS

Orchid and Nile Green

FLOWERS

Sweet Peas

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	ANN LOUISE HUGHES
<i>Secretary</i>	MARY BUSH
<i>Treasurer</i>	ISABELLE KEHOE
<i>Prophecy</i>	KATHARINE PATTON
<i>History</i>	DOROTHY BOYD
<i>Will</i>	BETTIE EBBERT





ANN LOUISE HUGHES

Academic Graduate

PRESIDENT OF SENIOR CLASS; Y. W. C. A. CABINET; ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION; DRAMATIC CLUB; GLEE CLUB.

*"She hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade."*

Ann Louise's persuasive power has often smoothed the path of the Senior Class and has contributed greatly to its success. With her goes all our love and esteem as a capable leader and true friend. So here's to the best president a Senior class ever had—Ann Louise!



MARY HEMPHILL BUSH

Academic Graduate

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF ANNUAL; VICE-PRESIDENT OF Y. W. C. A.; SECRETARY OF SENIOR CLASS; TREASURER OF GLEE CLUB; ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION; DRAMATIC CLUB; DEBATING CLUB; CHOIR.

*"Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and
persuading."*

Not only is Mary a "star pupil" but she is as fair-spoken and gentle as her proverbial lamb. Capable, sweet and attractive—well, what else can we say except that she is just "our Mary."

ISABELLE SHAWHAN KEHOE

Academic Graduate

PRESIDENT OF GLEE CLUB, TREASURER OF SENIOR CLASS, SECRETARY OF ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, DRAMATIC CLUB, DEBATING CLUB, LITERARY CLUB, CHOIR.

*"Smooth runs the water where the
brook is deep."*

"She is of sweet composure."

It is just this composure that makes us all place our confidence in Izzy. She is always ready to help and full of valuable suggestions to our class.



DOROTHY MAIN BOYD

Academic Graduate

BUSINESS MANAGER OF ANNUAL, CLASS HISTORY, Y. W. C. A. CABINET, ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, DRAMATIC CLUB.

"An inviting eye, and yet methinks right modest."

Not only is our Dottie charming and attractive, but she is always so sweet and pleasant to everyone that we are sure that she deserves all the good things coming to her. So here's the best of luck always to our (and other's) heart smasher!

BETTIE GAE EBBERT

Academic Graduate

SECRETARY OF DEBATING CLUB, Y. W. C. A. CABINET, ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, DRAMATIC CLUB, GLEE CLUB, CLASS WILL.

"A child of our grandmother Eve—or for thy more sweet understanding, a woman."

Full of sweet understanding is our charming, dainty Bettie. And like a true granddaughter of Eve, originator of the first spring styles, she keeps us informed of all the newest and prettiest Paris creations.





MARTHA GARDENER LARMOUR

Academic Graduate

PRESIDENT OF DRAMATIC CLUB, Y.
W. C. A. CABINET.

*"From the crown of her head to
the sole of her feet she is all mirth."*

Really, Mirth-a would be a good
name for Martha, for she provides
much of the fun and merriment in
our class.

KATHARINE WILLOUGHBY
PATTON

Academic Graduate

CLASS REPRESENTATIVE FOR ANNUAL,
CLASS PROPHECY, ATHLETIC ASSOCIA-
TION, DRAMATIC CLUB.

*"Can virtue hide itself? — graces
will appear, and there's an end."*

And among her many graces, that
of wielding the pen is an outstanding
one. Kay's literary productions have
given delight to us all, and we won't
be a bit surprised to see her name
gracing the cover of the *Atlantic
Monthly* in the near future.



JANET AMELIA SMITH

Academic Graduate

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER OF
ANNUAL, ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION,
DRAMATIC CLUB.

*"Do you know I am a woman:
When I think, I must speak."*

And so she does! But then Jan
always has something worth while
to say, and so we are all willing lis-
teners, especially when she propounds
one of her ingenious plans for rais-
ing money.

VIRGINIA ANGELINE
STOLBERG

Academic Graduate

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, DRAMATIC
CLUB.

*"The best condition'd and unwearied
spirit -
In doing courtesies."*

Whenever we want anything done,
we call on Ginny, and she always
does it so readily and sweetly, it's a
wonder we don't call her "Sweet
Angeline."



DOROTHY ANN TAYLOR

Academic Graduate

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, DRAMATIC CLUB.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman."

Dot's voice is reminiscent of everything about her—the eternal feminine. And such a lovable feminine, no wonder we all love her.

MARY BLACKBURN VAN KIRK

Academic Graduate

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, DRAMATIC CLUB.

*"Constant you are
But yet a woman, and for secrecy no
lady closer,
For I well believe thou wilt not utter
what thou dost not know."*

Kirkie—and Penn State? Don't they go together nicely? That isn't the only thing we envy her either. What about curly hair?



LILLIAN AUGUSTA
WOODWARD

Academic Graduate

VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM, ATH-
LETIC ASSOCIATION, DRAMATIC CLUB,
GLEE CLUB.

"The best of me is diligence."

*"She was ever precise in promise
keeping."*

We wonder if Diddy's middle name
is the only reason for her liking Au-
gusta Military Academy. It isn't the
only reason for our liking her though,
because she's a real Florida peach
and one of the best workers in our
class.

HANNAH MINCH PROBASCO
WRIGHT

Academic Graduate

*"Bid me discourse, I will enchant
thine ear."*

"Her words do show her wit."

Rusty's wit is anything but rusty,
for she is one of the fun-makers of
our class, and helps to keep our sen-
iorial dignity from weighing too
heavily upon us. Rusty is our class
artist too, so we predict a future
brilliant with color for her.





BARBARA JEANETTE
ARMSTRONG

Academic Senior

JOKE EDITOR OF ANNUAL, VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM, ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, DRAMATIC CLUB, GLEE CLUB, ORCHESTRA.

*"Go thou forth,
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm."*

Our Babs is such a versatile person, we are not quite sure what the helm will be, but we are sure that it will be a prosperous one, whatever it may be, for Babs is capable of anything from giving saxophone lessons to taking the helm of a Ship of State.

MURIEL ELEANORE HORNER

Academic Senior

PRESIDENT OF ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM, GLEE CLUB, DRAMATIC CLUB, DEBATING CLUB, ORCHESTRA.

*"I would have thought her spirit
had been invincible against all assaults of affection."*

Besides being our school shiek and hero for our plays, Mur is a good sport and a peppy member of our class. We don't know what we would do without her.



VIRGINIA BEATRICE
RAINFORD

Academic Senior

TREASURER OF ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM, DRAMATIC CLUB.

"She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is."

She works well evidently, considering the number of rings she wears, but we must also remember the splendid way in which she works in our class and tea room.

ROSA MAE WHITEHEAD

Academic Senior

DRAMATIC CLUB, GLEE CLUB.

"The honour of a maid is her name."

"A good heart's worth gold."

Rosa Mae is always so cheerful, helpful, and kind we don't know what we would do without her. A future "little home-maker?" Well, you should just taste her cake!



"We know what we are, but know not what we may be."



ICTURE, if you can, a pier in New York, at which a huge ocean liner has just docked. The crowds on the pier madly wave their hats and flags as they watch the passengers disembark. Down the gangplank, walking slowly and clutching the rails for support, comes a crowd of white-faced people, wearing green veils and pained looks, which belie the noble sentiments of a band playing "How swell it is when the billows swell." In fact, the only thing the tourists consider swell is when they end their journey across the rolling sea and set foot once more on their native land, for as Shakespeare says, "All swell that end swell." Standing on good old terra firma again, the tourists breathe sighs of some size and gaily greet their friends. For they have just returned from Europe. Via one of Cook's Tours. (Though why they are called *Cooks* tours, I can't imagine, as after the first hour at sea, there is certainly no need for cooks!)

Suddenly the people on the pier wildly cheer, for who should step off the steamer but the Prince of Wales, mopping his eyes with a red bandanna handkerchief. Ah, the Prince of Wales—wails, wails, and wails for "them good ole bachelor days," as he follows his wife meekly down the gang-plank. Ah, yes, the catch of the season is caught at last! A fair fisherwoman who fished for poor fishes at a certain school named Fishburne used her same line successfully and caught—not a little fish—but the Prince of Whales!!! And this successful angler is none other than Jinny Rainford. He might be in worse hands. She treats him pretty well—considering. As they pass off the pier she whispers to the people, "Please don't anyone give a horse-laugh. It makes him *so* nervous, doesn't it, Lambie?" (Lambie is short for Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David Windsor!)

"Hurrah for Professor Kehoe!" shouts the crowd as a buxom damsel appears on the deck. She is head of a Physical Education school, whose specialty is teaching mermaids to do the Charleston. Professor Kehoe bows to the crowd and proceeds to demonstrate her great athletic ability by lightly running up the rigging,

posing ethereally on the masthead, and sliding down the smokestack. She then gracefully cartwheels down the gangplank into the arms of her several admirers, who, by the way, are dumb-bells belonging to all the Indian clubs in the city.

"Hey, cameras, get on the job," someone shouts, and immediately all the cameras are focused on the gangplank, as Mlle. Dorothea Boydaletska, the famous movie actress, appears. Embarrassed by the many looks of admiration she carelessly drops her eyes. Her face falls too. Then overcoming her timidity, she speaks up, "My friends, I consider that my great success in life and my immense popularity is all due to the fact that I daily peruse the book of Etiquette, and thus escape the social stigma of "Again she ordered chicken salad!"

Suddenly, amid a shower of rice, a young couple appears on the gangplank. That they are just returning from their honeymoon is quite evident from the tender looks exchanged. She, a sweet young thing, leans on the brawny arm of her husband and murmurs, "O Sole Mio! O Mayo Soley!" Ah," murmurs he, "My Anne Louise!" Whereupon she blushes the color of her illustrious lustrous hair.

Right behind the cooing couple comes an odd trio, a young woman and two gentlemen with long, bushy beards. They are none other than our old friends, the Smith cough-drop brothers, and their seventy-third cousin, Miss Janet Smith, who is displaying her business ability as a traveling salesman. She has just returned from Europe, where she has shown all the crowned heads how to get rid of "that tickling sensation."

And now who should leave the steamer but Mme. Van Kirk, the new prima donna, whose wonderful voice was discovered only just recently. Already she has thrilled thousands with the liquid notes of her golden voice. Everywhere she goes she leaves her audiences spellbound and ready to do desperate deeds for her sake. Witness one of her listeners, who manfully cried, "I'll jump into the river if she starts to sing again!"

Behind her comes the Armstrong millionaire, head of the famous "Disappearing Brick Company." Miss Armstrong's invention of the disappearing brick has brought health and happiness to many homes. "My friends," says she, "I will tell something that even your best friend won't tell you. Keep the kiddies warm in winter by installing in your home a fireplace built of our disappearing bricks. When spring comes, wave your handkerchief, and it will disappear until next winter. (Something like your red flannels, only better. You don't have to worry about moths!)"

Now appear two pleasingly plump maidens, carrying suitcases bearing the names "Larmon" and "Whitehead." Deep secret! They're really millionaires too, traveling incognito. They have made these millions raising alligators in Florida, the land of sunshine and flowers, where nights are short, and bathing suits shorter!



Another Floridian to leave the steamer is a pretty blonde. Miss Dorothy Taylor, a model for the "You Just Know She Wears Them" Company. And on account of her good lines, and better line, there are several threads of romance woven in her life. And since she knows the ropes, she will eventually tie someone's heartstrings with the cords of love.

The band suddenly strikes up a sailor's chanty, "Yoho for a life on the sea. Yoho for the Marcel waves," as Mme. Stolberg, the world-famed marcel expert, walks down the gangplank. She is head of a beauty shop in Hollywood, patronized by all the movie stars, whose hair she crimps and style she cramps.

A cowboy suit and sombrero appear on the deck of the steamer, with Muriel Horner inside them incidentally. In her salad days, when she was green in judgment, Muriel decided that being a sheik was far more exciting than being a sheba. So she intends to become a bronco busterette, and is now headed for the wild and woolly west—the great open spaces—where men are men—and women try to be! She intends to stop in Colorado, where the Old Faithful guys are plentiful and even the springs are hot.

And now, tripping daintily down the gangplank, comes a sweet young thing, wearing an angelic smile and dressed in white from head to toe. Is she an angel dropped from heaven? Oh, say not so. She is the head nurse in a Delaware hospital, and carries a suitcase marked M. Bush. She makes a specialty of patients suffering from heart trouble, though it has been noticed that their hearts often grow worse after she takes charge of them. She says she is immune to that disease—but there's that head doctor! She has stopped eating apples, too. And everyone knows an apple a day keeps the doctor away! A head doctor and a head nurse!! Well, we all know "two heads are better than one."

The band suddenly roars out "Hard-hearted Hannah," as Hannah Wright walks airily down the gangplank wearing an artist's smock. She has just returned from her studio in Paris to do some special painting for the President of the United States. It will be a job requiring all of her technique, great skill, and artistic ability. She is going to paint the President's back porch steps.

Three diplomats now leave the steamer. To the left is the Pope of Rome. To the right is the Sultan of Turkey. The center one is Miss Ebbert, Uncle Sam's ambassador to the Balkan States, where the mules come from. Miss Ebbert sighs as she steps on the pier. "What next?" she asks dramatically. "Who knows?" "Only a Roman nose," replies the Pope, for he is a Roman. "Yes," says he, "I'm a Roamin' in the Gloamin'." What does the Sultan of Turkey say to this? Nothing but "Gobble, gobble, gobble!"

Suddenly there is a splash! A scream! And all the people rush to the waterfront. "A little boy fell overboard!" "Did he?" asks a man wildly dashing up, "Did he, did he?" "I'm coming, Robert. Stop calling," cries Diddy as she rushes up. They fish little Robert, Jr., out of the sea, and like LePage's Glue, he dries in ten minutes!

Class History



THE winter sunshine filtered through a dusty window-pane and played upon the snow-white hair of a dear old lady seated beside a trunk. She seemed to be hunting for something, pushing aside the contents until she finally reached the bottom of the trunk. With an exclamation of pleasure, she drew forth a big black book bearing a gold seal and bulging with contents—her Fairfax Memory Book.

Grandma Betty—(for that was her name)—seated herself on a pile of cushions by the window and opened the book, in which were stored the precious memories of her last year at Fairfax. Programs of recitals and concerts told of many Saturday night entertainments; snapshots of girls playing tennis, swimming, and riding reminded her of days when she had dashed madly around without a thought for rheumatic limbs; and an enticing menu from the far-famed Senior Tea Room brought thoughts of the hours spent with the girls making sandwiches, arranging cakes, and concocting gorgeous sundaes of ice-cream, marshmallows, and nuts. Goodness!—how much she used to eat!

The dear old lady turned a few pages until she came to one particularly vivid with red hearts and lace paper—Valentine's day at Fairfax! Here was the Senior dance program. My, hadn't that been fun! And through her memory ran jumbled pictures of a dashing poet, a bashful boy, a pretty girl, and rival lovers who played their parts in that evening's entertainment. Another page and more scraps of paper, pictures, and clippings which symbolized days filled with sunshine, brightness and gaiety.

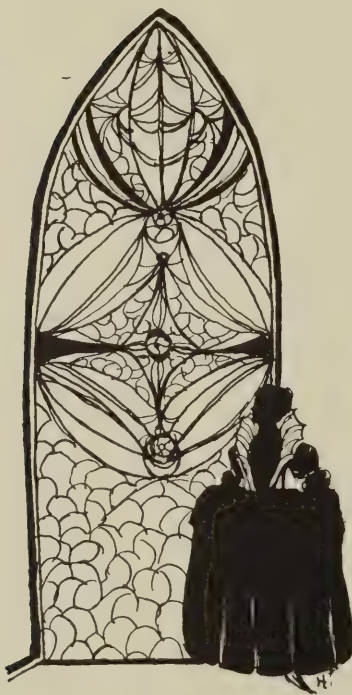
A rubber heel decorated the cover of one page—now what was that for? Oh, yes, they used to get colored notices when they thumped down the halls in wooden heels. Here was one—a blue slip—"ungloved in church." O deary me! and Grandma Betty had just a few days ago given her youngest grandchild quite a talk because she had failed to wear her new Christmas gloves to church!

Only a few more pages now, and the old lady's eyes dwelt on them with lingering fondness. The lovely class day—the Seniors dressed in filmy orchids and greens. A small slip of paper fluttered to the floor, and as the old lady picked it up and glanced at it, she saw again the morning sunshine beaming through the church windows down upon the bright faces of the girls as they listened to the Baccalaureate Sermon.



And one more page—Commencement—the day when the class of 1926 received its last honors from Fairfax Hall. Visions of June flowers, pretty girls, fond parents, sad farewells—memories—just memories now—but they would last forever.

And with eyes a little dim with tears, the dear old lady closed the book. .





Ye Will And Testament



WE, THE Class of Nineteen Twenty-six, being, as we hope, and our teachers doubt, of sound mind and judgment, do hereby bequeath those things that we have managed to collect in this life-time in the hope that they will aid others as they have done us.

To the Junior Class we leave as follows:

One Senior Tea Room with our blessing that movies, trips, and other necessary pleasures may not be announced Monday morning when all the groceries are ordered.

One Crow's Nest with the hope that they may be able to use it for reading and dancing to better advantage than we did.

One set of Senior Privileges which are to be exercised carefully and esteemed highly.

And because we see the need of it, we bequeath our Seniorial Dignity and all the respect that goes with it.

Lastly, we bequeath to said Junior Class one Good Record, which will offer keen competition if it is to be surpassed.

Personal bequests of the Senior Class are as follows:

I, Ann Louise Hughes, do leave my fiery red hair and the ability to argue, which goes with it.

I, Mary Bush, do leave one small head, which might well have occasioned that famous saying, "And still they gazed, and still their wonder grew, that one small head could carry all she knew."

I, Isabelle Kehoe, leave my ability to collect dues from Seniors, which is a hard job, let anyone contradict it who dares.

I, Barbara Armstrong, do leave my good disposition, boxing ability, and saxophone to anyone who believes variety to be the Spice of Life.

I, Dottie Boyd, do bequeath my winning smiles to the next Business Manager of FAIR FACTS, that she may use them to get double space "ads" as I have done.

I, Muriel Horner, do leave my collegiate appearance to anyone who wishes to be the crush of the future crushees.

I, Martha Larmon, do leave a little bit of everything, being absent-minded as usual.

I, Kay Patton, do leave my ability as an artist to anyone who makes posters, sketches, and Valentine Doors.

I, Virginia Rainford, do leave my ability to instruct gym class with the aid of Mr. Wallace's Daily Dozen to anyone who thinks it's a cinch.

I, Janet Smith, do leave my Rogue's Gallery to anyone who wishes a "perpetuated" manifestation of their conquests.

I, Virginia Stolberg, do leave my ability to play "jacks" to anyone who feels that old age is creeping on too fast.

I, Dottie Taylor, do leave my femininity to anyone who is tired of brogue oxfords, woolen socks, and boyish bobs.

I, Mary Van Kirk, do leave my capacious appetite to Freddie Slemmons, who seems in need of it.

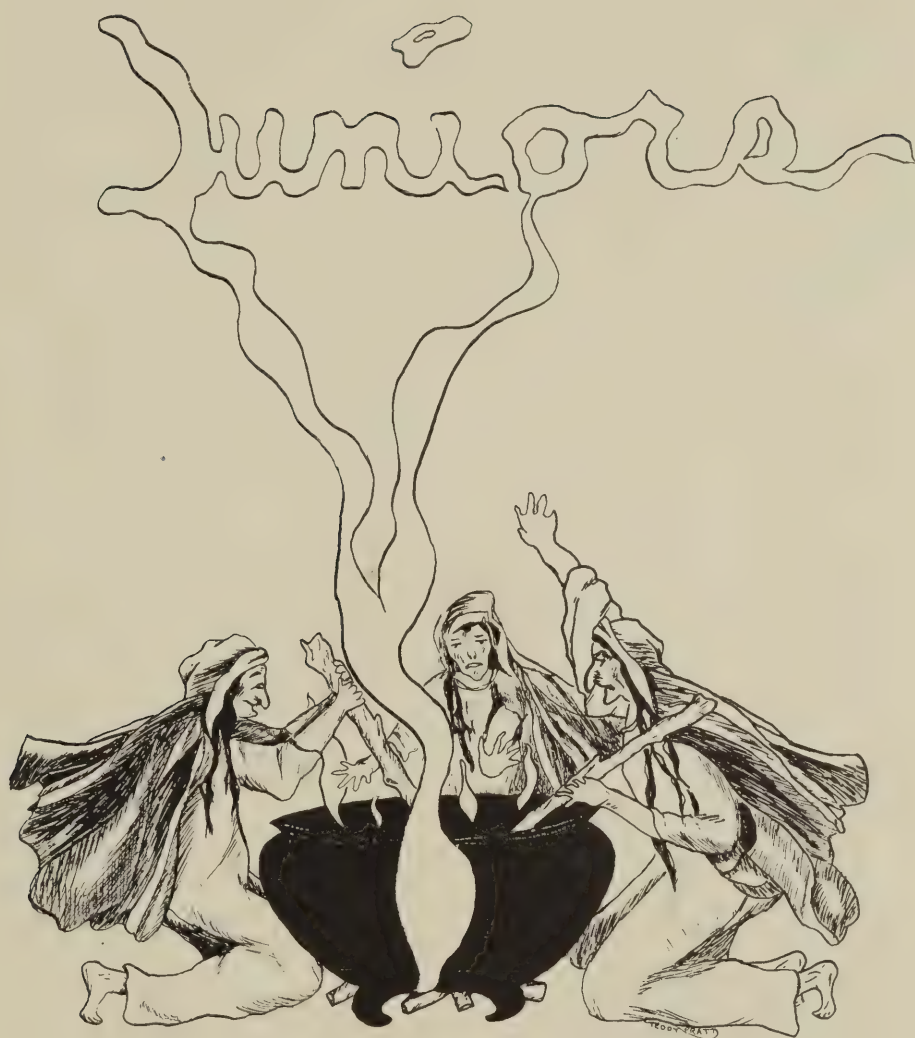
I, Rosa May Whitehead, do leave my unlimited supply of energy which walks me over the campus every day to any other Florida maiden who comes to brave the northern (?) climes.

I, Rusty Wright, do leave my ability to Charleston to anyone who wishes outdoor exercise on the tennis courts.

I, Diddy Woodward, do leave my A. M. A. mail to anyone who would like a letter every night and a couple of Specials on Sunday.

I, Bettie Ebbert, safely leave anything or everything I have to anyone who might want it, knowing my generosity will never be subject to trial.

Duly signed and witnessed this twenty-ninth day of May, one thousand, nine hundred and twenty-six, by members of the Senior Class.





Secretary

President

Treasurer

Junior Class

MOTTO

"Not at the top, but climbing."

COLORS

Peach and Silver

FLOWER

Tea Rose

MEMBERS

MARION CROSS
MAE CUNNINGHAM
FAITH DAVIS
DORIS ELLISON
BETTY EVANS
LORENA GIVENS
ELBERTA HUBBARD
MALLIE NOLEN



MRS. SHUMWAY
Sponsor

NANCY OLDS
ELEANOR OSBORNE
ALICE PRATT
SOPHIA RECIO
HELEN SAUNDERS
ANNE TAYLOR
MARJORIE WAITE
HENRIETTA WATTS
CAROLYN WHITE



"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."



Junior Class



RE you going to the Minstrel Show tonight?"

"Well, I'm terribly broke and in debt, but I'm going to beg, borrow, or steal enough to go, because it's given by the Juniors, and bound to be good."

Yes, anything we did during that whole marvelous year was just great and drew practically everybody in the school, because we were a wonderful class. Everybody will admit that.

The first few weeks of our school year were so taken up with getting accustomed to our new life and really knowing each other that we did not get organized until early in November. At the advice of Miss Little we only elected temporary officers just to see how they would be. They all proved to be just what we had hoped, so that, needless to say, we had no re-elections.

Before we knew it the Christmas holidays had rolled around, but after them we set to work in dead earnest.

It seemed as though we had just come back, when going down to dinner one day we saw an attractive poster announcing a Junior Social to be held the coming Saturday night. It surely was all the poster said and more. Do you remember the cute revue and some of its special numbers which took the audience by storm? I can still picture clearly a certain cadet dancing the Charleston as we had never seen it danced before. Another number I can easily remember is that of a good-looking young man in evening clothes pantomiming in a most romantic manner one of the latest popular songs. Everybody had lots of fun at the dance later, and when the evening ended our treasury was quite full.

At our next meeting we had quite a lively debate selecting our colors, motto, and flowers. All the attractive color combinations in the rainbow were suggested. After quite some discussion we finally selected peach and silver, to the delight of most of the class. Selecting the motto was much more difficult. All kinds of mottoes from "Excelsior" to "Deeds, Not Words," were suggested, when one bright member of our class piped up with "Not at the Top, but Climbing." We at once decided on this. What flower could go with such colors and a motto but the tea rose?

It was after our "semi-annual guessing contest" that we made our first plans for the biggest and most wonderful social event of the school calendar—The Junior-Senior Banquet. Of course the first thing we decided on was that we were going to need just lots and lots of money, and that very soon. Then and there we made a good many of our elaborate preparations for "The Collegiate Minstrels" and the cafeteria supper which preceded. For the next three weeks we were the busiest people imaginable. When Saturday, March 20th, dawned, all was in readiness for the great affair. Everyone had a perfectly wonderful time that night, and some of our "great theatre-goers" from the "big city" said that in all their experience they had never seen anything quite like our Minstrel. Even our dignified faculty laughed until their sides ached.

Giving Minstrels isn't the only field in which we excel, as we proved that night when we served our famous supper at such reasonable prices. It has been rumored that the Junior in charge of that supper is going to make her millions when she starts her own little business, and who can tell?

We made just lots of money on that night, but we still needed much more. After many conferences and discussions with Mr. Maxwell and Mrs. Shumway we received permission to sell hot-dogs! There was quite some comment amid the applause which followed the announcement of our proposed sale. I heard a member of the Secretarial Class, as well as one of the Freshmen remark that they were going to sell them too, but the Juniors *would* get there first! We surely made a hit with them, and I never spent such a half hour before in my life struggling to get one little hot dog, and I never hope to spend another one like it!

As the Annual goes to press the plans are nearly completed for our banquet, and from all promises there never has been nor can be another equal to it in any way.

Next summer and in the days to come when you are many, many miles from our dear school, remember the Junior Class and the happy memories it brings.

"Not at the Top but Climbing." Yes, that is the motto of the class of '27, and I feel that we are much nearer the top of life's ladder than we were in September. Let every Junior continue climbing in the same spirit that she did this year.

—CAROLYN WHITE, '27.



SOPHOMORES





Vice-President

President

Secretary-Treasurer

Sophomore Class

MOTTO

Semper Vigilans

COLORS

Yellow and White

FLOWER

Chrysanthemum

MEMBERS

BORDEN BAIRD

LOIS FAILES

MILDRED GAINES

KATHLEEN MILLER

LEE McNEIL



MARGARET PENNINGTON

MARY SLEMMONS

MARGARET TACKLES

BETTY VAN DER KLOOT

JOSEPHINE WOODZELL

MRS. JOHN NOBLE MAXWELL

Sponsor



VonderKloot



Miller



Failes



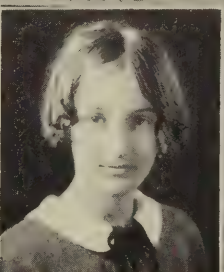
Recio



Permington



Stemmons



M'Neil



Gaines



Tackles



Woodzell



Baird

"We hear, yet say not much, but think the more."



The Sophomore Class



THE Sophomores began the year as a comparatively small group, but as the term progressed more were added to our number. We came into immediate favor with the faculty, who saw in us many prospects for blue slips, emcampusments, and so forth!! In spite of the fact that we have not disappointed them, we hope that they will remember our class with much good will.

Florence Connor, our capable president, has managed the affairs of the class with great success, with the assistance of Harriet Price, our vice-president, and of our secretary and treasurer, Mary Soléliac. We have done our bit in selling Eskimo pies, which are very popular at Fairfax, and also in giving a class entertainment. This was given in April, outside on the porch. Brilliantly colored Japanese lanterns were strung around, giving a very lovely effect at night. Refreshments were served at different periods in café style, by members of the class as waitresses. A burlesque on "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," was presented, the girls being dressed in cadet uniforms. We all worked hard and did our best to give everyone a good time, and we were well rewarded in the enthusiasm with which the girls entered into our entertainment.

Now that our year at Fairfax is over, whether we continue our studies here or elsewhere, we shall always remember this year as a very happy and profitable one.

—HARRIET PRICE, '28.



FRESHMAN



CLASS



Vice-President

President

Secretary-Treasurer

Freshman Class

MOTTO

"Over against each evil, we can set a good."

COLORS

Green and White

FLOWERS

Lily-of-the-Valley

MEMBERS

MARJORIE AUSTIN
LULU BELL
HORTENSE CLARK
FLORENCE GALLAGHER
CAROL GROVER
MARY MARGARET HENRY
VASHTI HODGE
BERNICE KNOX
JANE MCKESSON



NATALIE MILLER
KATHERINE MOSS
PATRICIA OLDS
JEAN PARSONS
GLADYS PUCKETT
CONSTANCE TEED
EMMA VANDEN BOSCH
DOROTHY WAITE
ELSIE WINANS

MISS HELEN WARNER
Sponsor



*"Thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits
of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us."*

The Freshman Class



THE beginning of the year, the school in general knew that some green, inconspicuous, inconsequential Freshmen existed, but did not pay much attention to them. However, we have risen with a dignity that is more than fitting for our years, although even until Christmas, ours was a rather precarious popularity. But we have gradually proved ourselves practically on a level with other classes.

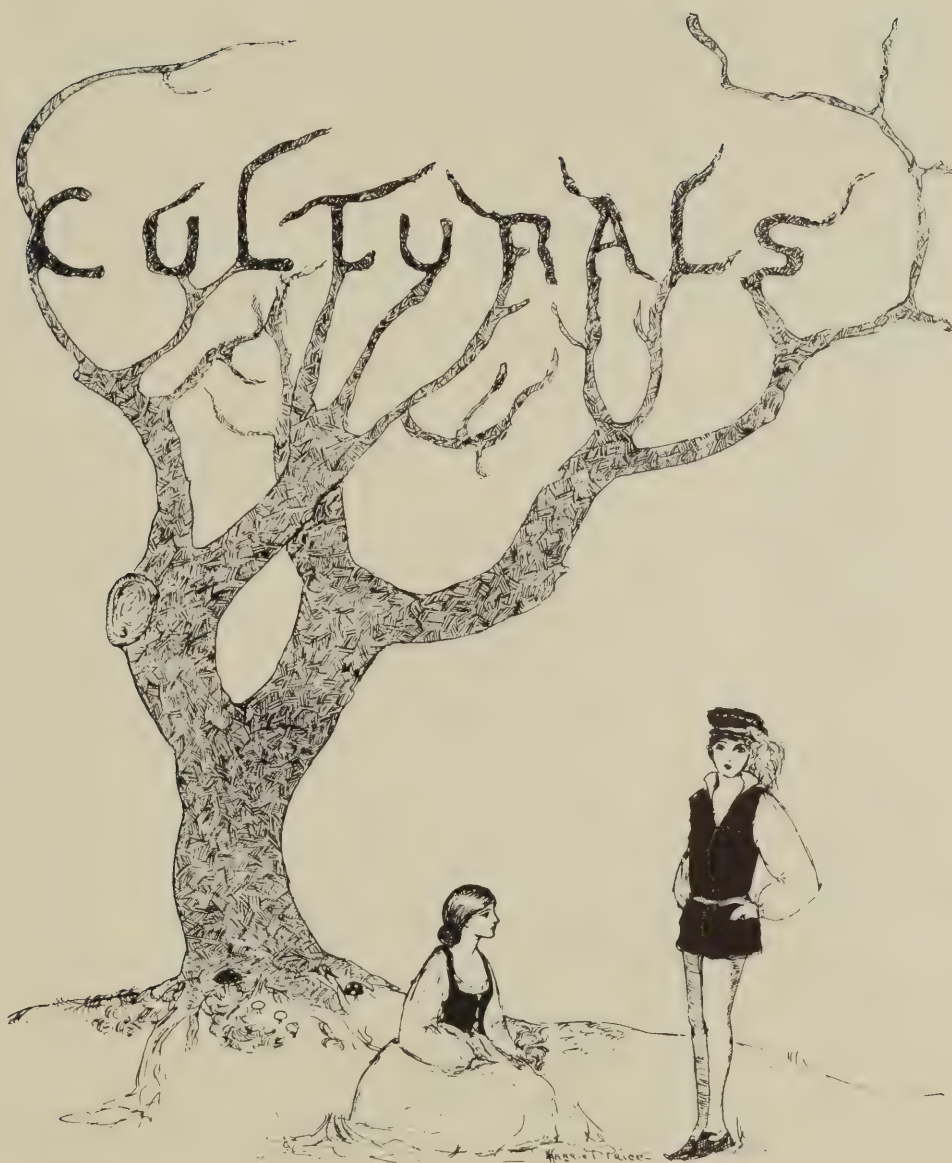
Of course we could simply state these facts without proof, but we will tell you the class history and let you judge for yourself.

Our first attempt to assist our financial circumstances was a sale of "Eskimo pies," which were very popular. On March the thirteenth, a few days previous to St. Patrick's Day, we gave a sport dance. A large number of girls attended, and on the whole it was a big success. The decorations were in green and white. (Perhaps you will notice the fitting colors.) Ice-cream was sold with surprising rapidity. A mock fashion show was given, and the participants sent the audience into peals of laughter.

We have not merely been loyal to our own class, but have also helped the other classes in the things that they have undertaken. In all of the sports the Freshmen have been right in the foreground. And now in leaving, we hope that we have attained the two goals which we have worked for—to improve mentally and physically, and to leave Fairfax Hall a trifle improved for our having been here.

—JEAN PARSONS, '29.







Lichtenstein

Vice-President



Crocker

President



Blanchard

Secretary

Cultural Class

MOTTO

Lux et Veritas

COLORS

Rosé and Gray

FLOWER

Sweet Pea

MEMBERS

LOUISE BARR

ELSA CASTNER

REGINA CHAPPELL

CHARLOTTE LAYTON



BEVERLY ROBISON

JOSEPHINE RECIO

CLAIRE SARGENT

ALMA TURNER

EVELYN TURNER

MR. JOHN NOBLE MAXWELL
Sponsor



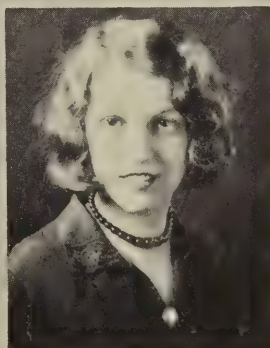
Chappell



Costner



Turner



Robison



Recio



Sargent



Layton



Barr



E. Turner

"For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich."



The Cultural Class

"Culture is the study and pursuit of perfection."

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.



WE, THE Cultural Class of nineteen hundred and twenty-six, have not only made an intense study of culture, but have constantly been in pursuit of it. In the daily school activities, we have striven to hold the highest honors, to set the best examples and to live up to, as it were, Arnold's definition of culture. Since we were the oldest class in Fairfax Hall, we felt it one of our duties to set a high standard for the undergraduates to follow. Though we may have not succeeded in accomplishing this, to attempt and fail is better than not to have attempted at all.

Our class officers have done their duties and held their offices to the fullest of their abilities. Evelyn Crocker, our most able president, has executed her office to the highest degree, showing intense interest and school spirit. Beatrice Lichtenstein, our vice-president, has also done her share. Marguerite Blanchard, our secretary and treasurer, has not only been prominent as a leading member of our class, but as one of the finest students in Fairfax Hall.

Our officers have not only tried to make our class rightfully bear the name "Cultural," but each and every member has done her share. In March our class surprised the school at large, by presenting a purely "Cultural" Fashion Show. It was altogether in accordance with our station in Fairfax Hall that we present something of high standing like this! It was as well produced and directed as anything that has ever been given. The effects were startling. After the show a dance was held, and all agreed that this entertainment was one befitting the Cultural Class.

We organized a Literary Club under the able direction of Miss Leslie McCarty, of the English Department, and we hope that club will live on after we leave Fairfax Hall. In this club we read modern plays, short stories, and discussed leading productions of literary worth in the world at large. We did this in order to keep abreast of the times and to be able to discuss intelligently any modern stories, plays, or authors. We met one evening every two weeks and spent the entire time reading or discussing a story. There is not one of us who can deny that those evenings were a benefit intellectually, as well as artistically. Individually we learned to appreciate and to understand and to help others also to do this. The members were the girls in the College English Class. Because each and every one took such interest in the Literary Club we want this Club to be perpetuated in the same spirit that it was organized, namely—to seek more knowledge and culture.

It has lastly been the aim of the Cultural Class to form a class which will not be forgotten in the near future, but one which will be remembered because it left Fairfax Hall a little better, finer, and more beautiful.

—BEATRICE LICHENSTEIN.



SECRETARIALS



Vice-President

President

Secretary-Treasurer

Secretarial Class

MOTTO

" 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world."

COLORS

Green and Gold

FLOWER

Yellow Tea Rose

MEMBERS

MARY MARGARET
BLACKWELL

KATHARINE BUTLER

SALLY FAGADAW

BETTY KEMPER



DORIS L. PARSONS

MATILDA RUTLEDGE

VIRGINIA PATTIE

HELEN R. STRICKLAND

PAULINE SUTMAN

MISS FRANCES MAY MAXWELL
Sponsor



Fagadaw



Sulman



Hutledge



Parsons



Butler



Kemper



Strickland

*"Experience is by industry achieved
And perfected by the swift course of time."*



Secretarials



IT IS an old saying that big things come in small packages. Though the Secretarials are small in number, we are "big" when we get together. We do not have to bow to the uncanny occupation of selling divers things to develop our financial support. We have the *right* kind of spirit right within us and, with the aid of our ever-popular and capable president, you never see us behind in the dust.

One fine evening in April, a typical romantic night of June, the Secretarials came forth with one of the most clever entertainments of the year. The members of the class adorned themselves in pirate costumes; the stage was set to resemble a pirate's ship; there were songs and unique dances. Between the acts "Cigarette Girls" sold a variety of candy and ice-cream, etc., to a very enthused audience. I think even Seniors will admit the whole affair was a great success.

In behalf of my class, I, a devoted member of it, wish to thank our sponsor, Miss May Maxwell, for so honoring us by gratifying our request to be "Sponsor." Her devotion for us and enthusiasm greatly aided us in making a success of everything we undertook.

We are grateful for a most enjoyable year at Fairfax Hall and may our friendships formed while here live throughout the years.

—BETTY STOUT, '27.



Merry Wives



of Windsor



MISS LESLIE McCARTY
Faculty Adviser

Annual Staff

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	MARY BUSH
<i>Assistant Editor-in-Chief</i>	LOUISE BARR
<i>Business Manager</i>	DOROTHY BOYD
<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>	JANET SMITH
<i>Art Editor</i>	ALICE PRATT
<i>Joke Editor</i>	BARBARA ARMSTRONG

Class Representatives

KATHARINE PATTON	MARY SOLELIAC
CAROLYN WHITE	JEAN PARSONS
BEATRICE LICHTENSTEIN	
HELEN STRICKLAND	

Dramatics

ROBERTA SEIFERTH

Athletics

ISABELLE KEHOE



THE ANNUAL STAFF



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Vice-PresidentMARY BUSH
Secretary-TreasurerLOUISE BARR

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 ANN LOUISE HUGHES

Social Service
 MARGUERITE
 BLANCHARD

World Fellowship
 MARTHA LARMON



MISS HOPE CLARK
Sponsor

Entertainment
 BETTIE EBBERT

Publicity
 DOROTHY BOYD

"How far this little candle throws its beam."

Y. W. C. A.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."



IT HAS been the earnest endeavor of the Y. W. C. A. organization to enliven and broadcast this text.

A splendid and impressive beginning was made at the installation service, when the vows of the officers were given and the cabinet members presented. It was a candle-light service, the thought throughout being—"I am the Light." One large candle symbolized Christ, and from this were lighted the candles of the officers and cabinet.

At Thanksgiving time the splendid co-operation of the entire student body enabled the Y. W. to furnish ten needy families, throughout this mountain district, with food and clothing. In each basket was enough food for a family of six or eight to enjoy a healthful Thanksgiving dinner. Helpful articles of clothing were contributed, too. This move was much appreciated by the families themselves and ever so much more by the Social Service workers of the community.

In the bitter cold month of December, we wondered just how much real living the needy children could do, so, based on this thought we tried to entertain and make the lives of thirty children a little happier. Santa Claus left a huge tree in the center of the lobby and decorated everywhere with suitable trimmings. A huge fire on the hearth gave a cheery glow to the setting and from the mantelpiece were hung stockings filled with candies, nuts, fruit, and toys for each little boy and girl. During the evening Santa Claus himself arrived with his pack, and delivered a gift to each one. It was most impressive and a pleasure to everyone.

Now, what would Easter be like without hunting for Easter Eggs? We wondered, too; and so, on Easter Monday morning, long before breakfast, the members of the Cabinet hid eggs all over the front campus. After our morning meal, at a given signal the student body rushed wildly out, hunting for the eggs. There was much competition and a prize was finally awarded to the one who found the most.

One fine evening the Y. W. gave a hay-ride which they had been planning for a long time. They hired a wagon, the girls all wore their old clothes, and we had our supper on the way. We all enjoyed it for it was a rather unusual treat.

Throughout the year Y. W. has conducted the Vesper Service on every Sunday evening. They have been most enjoyable services. It has been so arranged that each student has at some time taken part in leading or carrying on the service, in this way keeping an active spirit and the interest of the students.

The splendid work of Y. W. has been made all the more pleasant and fruitful by the interest and guiding hand of its sponsor, Miss Hope Clark, to whom we owe a great part of our success.

"May the Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent, one from the other."

—EVELYN CROCKER.



Cross

Secretary



Kehoe

President



Bush

Treasurer

Glee Club

COLORS

Orchid and Cream

FLOWER

Tea Rose

MOTTO

"Music is the language of the soul."

AccompanistMISS MATTHEWS



MRS. NOLEN
Director



"It will discourse most eloquent music."



FAXETTE STAFF

"More is thy due than more than all can pay."



*"You have deserved
High commendation, true applause."*

The Debating Club



When the idea first originated, it was hailed with joy. At last the argumentative girls would have an opportunity to air their thoughts on every subject from, "Why does a fly?" to "Should the Volstead Act be repealed?"

One bright, sunny day in January the names of eleven girls in the Senior and College English Department were announced. These girls held a meeting, and thus the Debating Club was organized. A Chairman and a Secretary were elected, a constitution was drawn up, and work began in earnest.

No sooner had the real work of the club begun, when the members experienced a most provoking and unfortunate thing. Everyone in the school thought that the life and aim of each debator was debating and nothing else.

The suggestions would pour in until we had enough questions to keep us busy from now until 1936. Vainly we would try to change the subject.

"I must study Psychology tonight," one of us might remark.

The retort would be something on this order. "By the way, have you ever debated the 'Exam' question?"

In spite of all these handicaps, we have accomplished a great deal. We organized late in the year, in fact it was after "Mid-Year Exams," but that only called forth greater efforts.

We have covered rather thoroughly the rudiments of debating, and we have carefully discussed several interesting questions. We have had a few programs which clearly illustrated that our members could debate and speak well.

All in all, we have had a successful year, and we have proved, to our own satisfaction at least, that "women have the gift of gab."

—SALLY FAGADAW.

The Choir



From the members of the Glee Club, Mrs. Nolen, our able director, chose eight girls to comprise the Fairfax Hall Choir. Although this was a small body, it accomplished much in the short periods in which the girls gathered to practice.

Throughout the year the Choir assisted at the Y. W. C. A. meetings and was always a great help whenever more

voices were needed, either in Chapel or at Church.

In March a very lovely musical service was held at the Basic Methodist Church, and our Choir was much excited about giving one of the numbers on the program. This was "Twilight" by Abt, and was sung very well, although accompanied by the customary fear and trembling on the part of the Choir members.

On that day of days—Baccalaureate Sunday, the choir took a leading part. The music was very carefully selected and that which seemed to be most appreciated was "Praise Ye Jehovah." It was worth the time spent in training and preparation to be able to really add to the loveliness of our last service together, and it will remain a bright spot in the memories of the Choir members.



Twelfth Night



Vice-President

President

Secretary-Treasurer

Dramatic Club

MOTTO

"To be, rather than to seem."

Honorary Member Miss BOYNTON

MEMBERS

BARBARA ARMSTRONG
MARJORIE AUSTIN
DOROTHY BOYD
MARY BUSH
KATHARINE BUTLER
HORTENSE CLARK
FLORENCE CONNER
EVELYN CROCKER
MARION CROSS
MAE CUNNINGHAM
BETTIE EBBERT
DORIS ELLISON
BETTIE EVANS
PAULINE FLAD
MILDRED GAINES
BETTY GIBSON
LORENA GIVENS
CAROL GROVER
GERALDINE HILLIARD
VASHTI HODGE
MURIEL HORNER
ANNE LOUISE HUGHES
ISABELLE KEHOE
BETTY KEMPER
BERNICE KNOX
CHARLOTTE LAYTON
BEATRICE LICHTENSTEIN
KATHLEEN MILLER
NATALIE MILLER
MAE OGLE
NANCY OLDS



Miss GRACE EVEREST
Sponsor

PATRICIA OLDS
DORIS PARSONS
JEAN PARSONS
KATHARINE PATTON
ALICE PRATT
HARRIET PRICE
VIRGINIA RAINFORD
SOPHIA RECIO
FLORA REVELLE
CLAIRE SARGENT
ROBERTA SEIFERTH
MRS. SHUMWAY
NORA SLIFER
JANET SMITH
MARY SMITH
MARY SOLELIAC
VIRGINIA STOLBERG
BETTY STOUT
HELEN STRICKLAND
MARGARET TACKLES
DOROTHY TAYLOR
VIRGINIA TAYLOR
CONSTANCE TEED
EMMA VANDEN BOSCH
BETTY VAN DER KLOOT
MARY VAN KIRK
DOROTHY WAITE
MARJORIE WAITE
CAROL WHITE
ROSA MAE WHITEHEAD
LILLIAN WOODWARD
JOSEPHINE WOODZELL



SCENE FROM "A BOX OF MONKEYS"

Dramatics



O BE rather than to seem." What body in the school has best interpreted this well-known quotation? Who has best followed out this wise maxim in all that they have done? None other than our own Dramatic Club, of course. The Club was organized early last Fall under the sponsorship of Miss Everest, and it has been one of our chief interests throughout the school year.

At the first meeting, which was attended by an unusually large number of students, the officers were elected. Opal Hathaway was chosen President, Martha Larmon, Vice-President, and Josephine Recio became Secretary and Treasurer. Under their capable guidance, active work was soon begun, with the result that in November Fairfax Hall and a large audience from outside witnessed one of the best amateur plays that has ever been staged here. We all remember with much delight "A Box of Monkeys." The cast worked untiringly and showed genuine talent and dramatic ability. The whole entertainment was much enjoyed and talked about for a long time afterwards.

After Christmas our President did not return, having decided to try her hand at matrimony. Our beloved Vice-President, Martha Larmon, saved the day and the rest of the year for us by taking charge of the organization. Louise Barr was elected Vice-President, and with this adjustment the Fairfax Players continued on their path to fame.

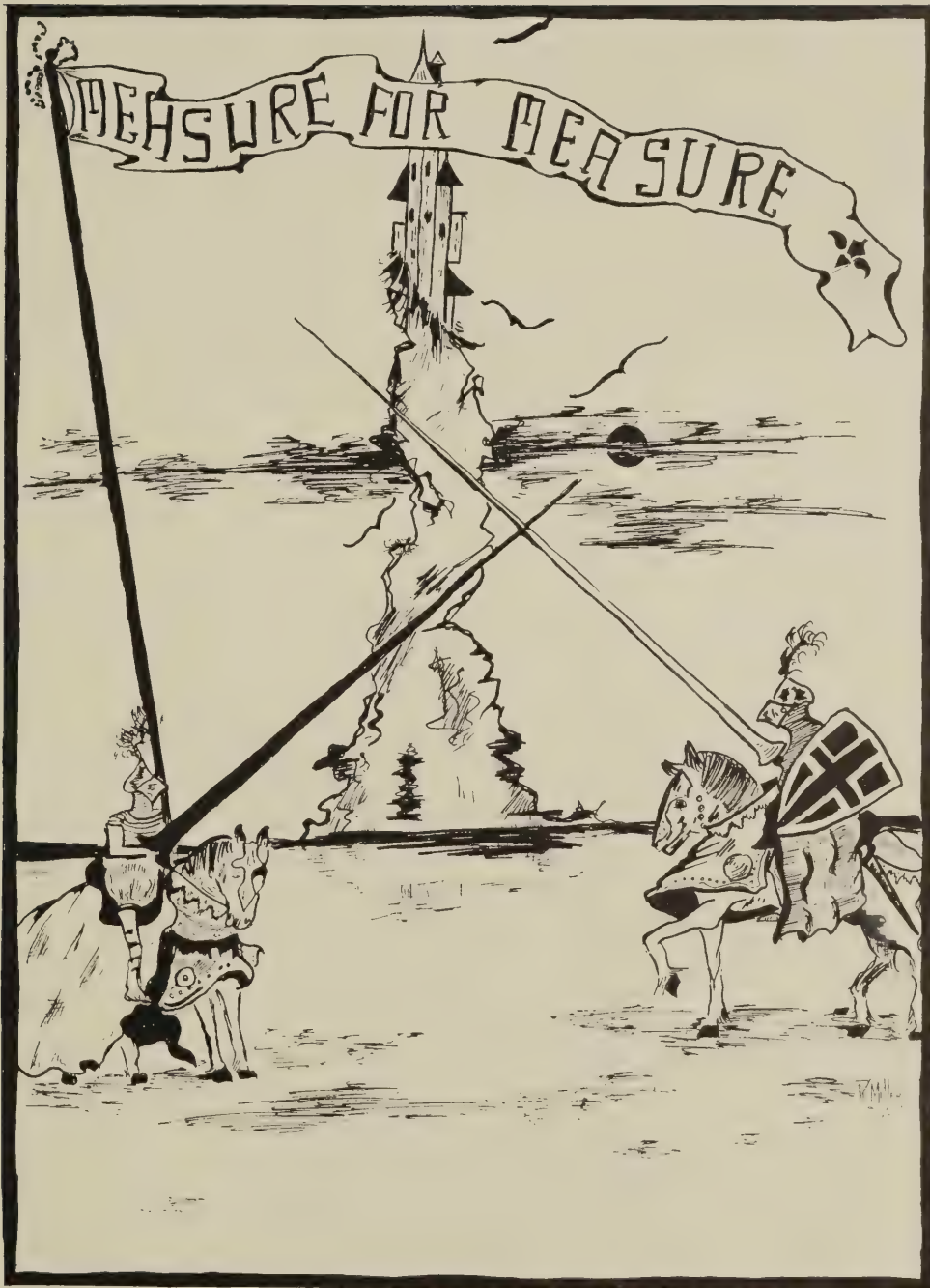
At the meetings held every two weeks, many amusing skits were given, among them "Madam Newberry's Finishing School." Different members of the Club gave readings and presented original stories which they had written.

In the spring Mrs. Everest joined us. She was an inspiration to everyone, and her training and assistance were most valuable. While she was here, "Lima Beans" was given. This type of play was something new for us, although we learned that puppet plays have been in existence for hundreds of years. It was a novel entertainment and remarkably well done.

We were all full of regret when Mrs. and Miss Everest were obliged to leave us, but their memory will always remain with us to lead us in what we have to accomplish in Dramatics. Mrs. Pearson filled the vacancy left at their departure, and we have not only had pleasure in working with her but have gained helpful experience as well.

We hope this year has been a stepping-stone towards greater achievement, and that in the future the Fairfax Players will always stand for the motto of activity and ability—"To be, rather than to seem."

—ROBERTA SEIFERTH, '27.





Athletic Association

OFFICERS

President MURIEL HORNER
Secretary ISABELLE KEHOE
Treasurer VIRGINIA RAINFORD



MISS EVEREST
Sponsor

Athletics



WITH a boom and a bang athletics commenced in the early part of the school year, under the direction of Miss Grace Everest. An organization was formed of those girls who were keenly interested in the active participations of the school life. Meetings were held bi-monthly, at which time frequently the cheer leaders would arouse much enthusiasm and urge the girls to brush up on the songs and yells, preparatory to the inter-class games in the various sports.

The last week in October everyone was aware of the fact that an entertainment committee was bustling about making final arrangements for the annual Masquerade. Despite our many hours of incessant toiling in the culinary department, the hungry mouths clamored for more of those delicious chicken salad sandwiches, but we could not appease such demands, regardless, rumor hath it, that, that night of October 31st shall never pass from the pleasant nooks of one's memory.

At Thanksgiving, the Black and Orange teams fought vigorously in the annual basketball game, resulting in a glorious, never-to-be-forgotten victory for the Oranges—Rah, Rah!

When the harsh winter months had passed, it was evident that Spring would travel in, bringing the opportunity for our tennis, hockey, golf, and baseball players to throng the courts and campus and thereby demonstrate their abilities that had lain dormant so long.

Hiking and horseback riding were favorites with the girls; hiking particularly, since every girl was awarded a letter who averaged a total of one hundred miles from September to December.

As March blew in, basketball rings and gold basketballs were observed on some girls who were distinguished from the rest, for they had made Fairfax Varsity!

Girls of 1925-'26, you made the A. A. in reality the predominating key to all worth-while activities, so that the shadows of your efforts will permeate these walls—that in the years to come our A. A. at Fairfax may not be of the past but of the future.

—ISABELLE KEHOE, '26.





VARSITY "6" BASKETBALL
"They laugh that win."

Songs

Fairfax Hall, Fairfax Hall,
She's the best school in the land,
Plays basketball to beat the band,
Fairfax Hall, Fairfax Hall,
Hokum, pokum, sokum, chokum,
FAIRFAX HALL.

Here's to old Fairfax,
Fairfax must win;
Fight to the finish,
Never give in:
Rah, rah, rah!
You do your best, girls,
We'll do the rest, girls,
Fight on to victory.
RAH, RAH!

I want is sociability
Some one to be sociable to me,
I'm so very sociable myself,
I like sociable society,
I've got a social temperament,
Social disposition, social sentiment,

I'm just as sociable, as sociable can be
And I've just got to have more sociability.

All I want is peppability, etc.

We're the peppiest girls I know
We never go a-pokin',
If I should tell you the pep we've got
You'd think I was a-jokin'!
It's not the pep in the pepper-box,
Nor the pop in the popcorn popper,
It's not the pep in the mustard can,
Nor the pep in the vinegar stopper.
It's the good old-fashioned P-E-P,
The pep you cannot down,
The Fairfax pep, the Fairfax pep,
The peppiest pep around.

Roll up that score, come on, Fairfax, Fairfax!
Roll up that score, come on, Fairfax, Fairfax!
Roll up that score; you have done it before—
You can do it some more,
Come on, Fairfax, Fairfax!

Yells

Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah,
Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah,
Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah,
Fairfax—Fairfax—Fairfax!

F-A-I-R-F-A-X
F-A-I-R-F-A-X
F-A-I-R-F-A-X--Fairfax!

ooooooOOOOO RAH!
ooooooOOOOO RAH!

Fairfax—Rah!
Yea, Fair—Yea Fax,
Yea, yea, Fairfax!

Rah, rah, rah, rah, Fairfax, Fairfax! (slow)
Rah, rah, rah, rah, Fairfax, Fairfax! (fast)
RAH, RAH, RAH, RAH, FAIRFAX,
FAIRFAX! (faster)

When you're up, you're up,
When you're down, you're down,
When you're up against Fairfax
You're upside down!

Yea team, yea team,
Fight 'em, fight 'em, fight 'em!

Stand them on their head,
Stand them on their feet,
Fairfax, Fairfax,
Can't be beat!





Hockey



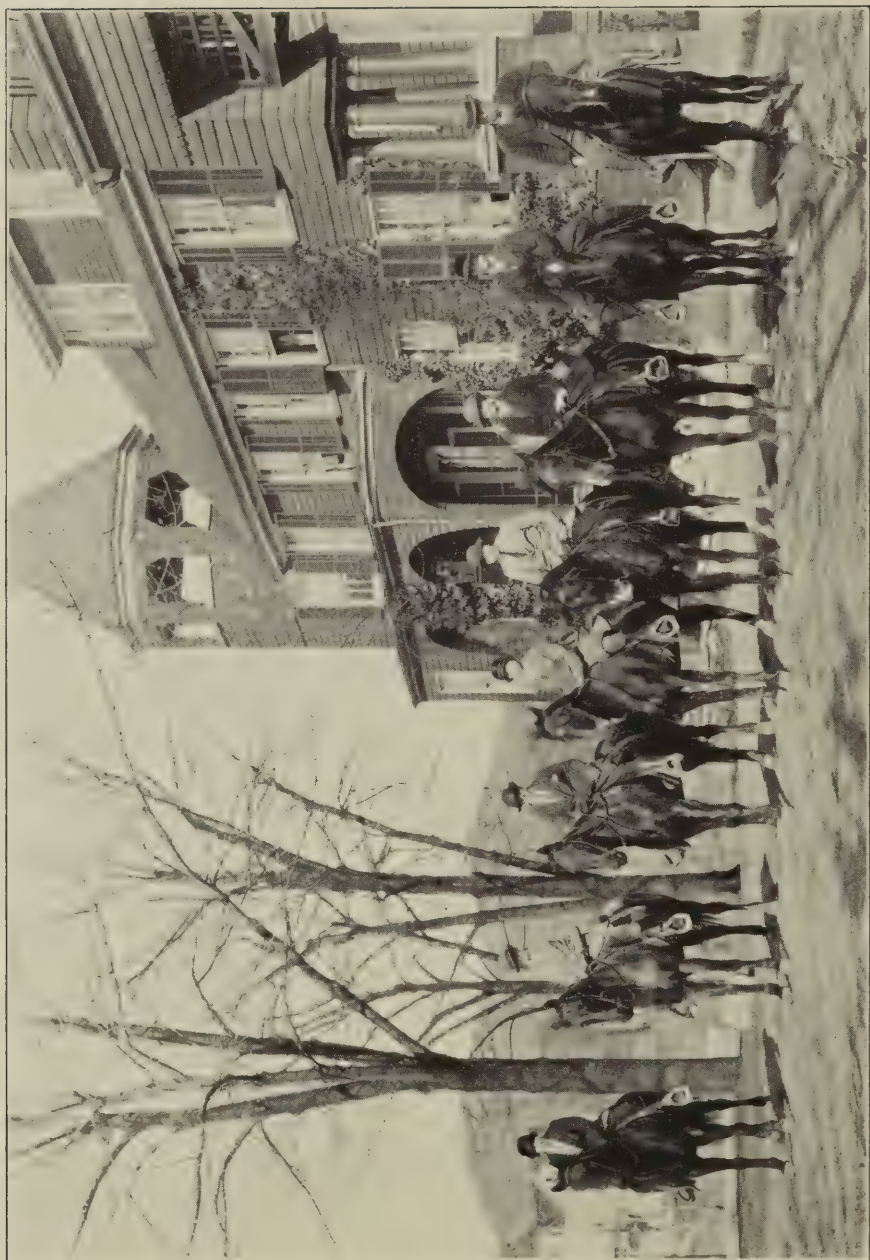
Baseball



Tennis



Golf



"A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

A Midsummer Night's Dream

(Winner of Annual Prize)



ATTLE, rattle, rattle! The god of Luck shook the dice of Fate. He threw them, and with mockery in his eyes, watched them fall and mold the life of one Johann Van Nimwigen. By rights Johann should have had a colorful life, woven of cloth of gold and sunsets on the snow; a lovely thing, and worthy of the love of beauty lying deep in his heart. But because the god of Luck willed it otherwise and wagged a portentous finger at Johann, Johann's life shaped itself in the drab, humdrum little mold which has shaped countless others (the god of Luck chuckled derisively!) that of a tailor!

It amused the god to watch poor miscast souls squirm in their allotted niches in this world; and so he leered as he watched poor Johann struggle under the circumstances which led him from his beloved tulip fields in Holland to a third rate tailoring establishment in lower New York. Under the burdens of an invalid wife and a foreign language, Johann endeavored to make ends meet by sewing on buttons for a living.

That was forty years ago when Johann was young and full of hope for the future. But while Johann could have sewed bachelor-buttons skillfully, he sewed on bone buttons only tolerably, and as the gold of marigolds was the only gold he cared for, forty years later found him not a whit farther along in the tailor business, but only farther along in life, with a gray head now, deep wrinkles down his brown cheeks, and mild blue eyes that blinked behind his spectacles as he patiently poked his needle in and out, in and out. As the years rolled on, Johann's cherished red, yellow, and blue dreams of gardening slowly withered away like flowers on a stalk. He bent his knee to the god of Luck and patiently sewed on button after button after button, while the god of Luck thought it a very good joke and laughed chuckle after chuckle after chuckle.

It was midsummer in New York. People were stifling in the heat. Down on one of the streets in lower New York, they crowded the roofs and fire-escapes, vainly seeking for a breath of air. Wan work-worn girls huddled on doorsteps and fanned themselves with old newspapers. Congregated on street corners were swarthy men, mopping their brows, and cursing the heat in tongues of fifty-seven varieties. Frowsy red-faced women paced the housetops, holding up pallid babies to catch the slightest breeze. And in the dirty street, half clad children scrambled and played. The ice wagon passed and they clambered around it, and came away, clutching precious bits of slippery coolness. The water wagon passed and they jumped under its spray and sprawled like puppies in the puddles.

Among the people watching the gamins playing in the street, was old Johann Van Nimwigen. Sitting alone on his little two by four stoop, he loved to watch the children playing in the water. A smile crossed his old brown face as he

watched them emerge from the spray, soaked to the skin, tossing back damp ringlets, and laughing the carefree laugh of youth.

"Ach, de kinder!" he thought, "It's like in de old country, where tay swim in de canals," and his faded blue eyes held a faraway look, as his mind wandered back to Holland and to the time of his youth. He visioned all the happy scenes again; the canals, dykes, windmills, and the little red roofed cottage where he had lived so happily with his little flaxen haired wife, and their stalwart red cheeked son. Johann wiped a tear off on the back of his rough brown hand as he thought of them. Ten years ago they had left him to go to the land where tulips never fade. But they had left him Yedda to take care of. Old Johann smiled as he thought of Yedda, his little golden haired, blue eyed grand-daughter, for whom he had sewed on buttons the last ten years, in order to take care of her. He smiled, but immediately stopped, remembering what she had told him yesterday.

"Ach, mein Gott," he said, sadly shaking his head, "She is going to make marriage soon mit dat young man who works at de store." And he stared across the tenements to a patch of sky where a sunset was dying. A hopeless feeling gripped him. With a young husband to buy her the pretty dresses she wanted, and a cozy flat, and a radio and a baby carriage perhaps, what would Yedda need of an old grand-father to love her and take care of her? Her young husband would do that.

"Nich, Nich," said old Johann, "She won't need her old gros-fader no more," and he suddenly felt terribly alone and unneeded, with nothing to take care of. Just then old Johann remembered he had something to take care of still. He got up from the steps and hobbled across the dingy stoop to a pickle tub in which he had managed to raise three sickly tulips. He looked at them—and gasped. For the heat had killed them. They lay wilted and quite, quite dead.

Old Johann stared at them a minute, and then picked up a curled up yellow petal, hobbled back across the stoop and sat down. He looked at the dry yellow wisp lying on his big calloused palm, and sighed. For he had loved his flowers with an almost human love, and now they were gone too. His wife, his son, his grand-daughter, his tulips, all were gone. He looked at his brown old hands lying on his shabby black knees. Of what use were they now? He could not go on sewing on hated buttons, day in and day out, year in and year out, just to keep his old body alive. Year in and year out—how many more would it be now? Old Johann saw the years stretching away in front of him, long, long years of endless stitching, and being alone, with nothing to love, nothing to take care of. He huddled down on the steps, and buried his face in his hands; a shabby black figure in the dying sunset; a picture of absolute despair.

* * * * *

Old Johann blinked his mild blue eyes in astonishment. He could not believe what he saw. He took off his spectacles, wiped them on his frayed gray cuff, replaced them and looked around him again. Everything was just the same. He was no longer sitting on his rickety porch steps, but instead on a huge white

stone in a green meadow. Straight ahead of him was a flagstone path leading to a gate in the distance. Old Johann got up creakily from the stone and stared at the flagstones. How queer they looked! They were round, and whoever heard of round flagstones? He hobbled toward them and found they were great round buttons laid down one after another to form a path. He began walking up the path, stepping gingerly from button to button, from a queer glass one to a gay wooden one, and then to a big black bone one, such as he had sewed on just hundreds and hundreds of times.

Once inside the gate, old Johann smiled all over his old brown face. For he was in quite the loveliest garden he had ever seen. He held his breath for fear it would vanish. It was an old fashioned garden, riotous with color, and fragrant with a thousand perfumes from a thousand flowers. Shutting its beauty in and the world out, were high brick walls, against which leaned tall prim hollyhocks, true wallflowers, in ruffled dresses of red, pink and yellow. All around the walls were beds of flowers; great clumps of blue and gold and soft green foliage; masses of white, lavender and gay orange, all aglow in the warm sunlight.

In that gay kaleidoscope of color, old Johann with his wrinkled face and bent old back, may have seemed out of place at first glance. But in his heart he wasn't. For at sight of all those flowers, something inside of him long buried away, burst into life again and bloomed, making him feel almost a boy again. What was it? Perhaps his soul, who knows? But anyway he straightened up as if better to drink in some of the beauty around him; and smiled,—to himself, to the flowers, to the sky and to the world at large.

He tiptoed on down the brick path to the fountain, stopping to touch every now and then the soft petal of a rose, or the velvet face of a pansy. And did he just imagine or did he really see little flower faces turn to him as he passed, and hear them call in their wee piping voices, "Welcome, Old Johann, welcome. We need you. Won't you stay with us always?"

In the middle of the garden, the sunlight sparkled on the water of a fountain which played a little tinkly tune, while a pool caught its waters and held them up to mirror the gay blue sky and the lacy clouds. Old Johann dipped an inquisitive finger into the pool and then laughed to see a startled goldfish dart out from behind a water lily and regard him with a blasé air.

He walked on and on, up one path, and down another, drinking all the beauty deep into his soul which had been starved for it so long. Suddenly he turned around a shrub, and stopped! For there ahead of him lay the most beautiful thing he had ever seen—a bed of red and gold tulips! The sunlight glanced off them in golden shafts, which speared Johann with little darts of happiness. He stared at the tulips, his mild blue eyes alight with love and tenderness, but he could not move. He held out his rough old hands to them, but could not take a step. Then a strange thing happened. Was he only dreaming, or was it real? He seemed to see the tulips slowly wilting before his eyes and he seemed to hear all their little red-gold voices calling to him, "Old Johann, we need you. Come



and take care of us. We need you so!" The something that had held him back was shattered. He sprang forward and fell on his knees in the black loam of the tulip bed. His rough old hands began to weed around them and tenderly pat them, and great tears rolled down his wrinkled cheeks. The tulips seemed to understand, for they caught them in their red-gold cups, and bowed their heads to him. Old Johann, with a full heart, clasped his old work-roughened hands and cried, "They need me, they need me! If only I could stay here forever!"

"What are you doing here?" broke in a gruff voice. Old Johann looked up. A huge giant in a blue uniform speckled with bright silver badges was standing over him. Old Johann gasped. The blue giant bellowed, "What are you trespassing for? Can't you read the signs 'No Trespassing,' and 'Keep off the grass?'"

"Where?" asked old Johann in a quavering voice, "I don't see any." Immediately all around him, there sprang up like mushrooms, signs that said "No Trespassing." Old Johann stared at them dismayed, and then rose slowly from the tulip bed. The giant took him by the collar and propelled him down the path and out of the gate. Then he glared at Johann and waved his club menacingly, "Now, you keep out of here," he roared, "Or I'll arrest you!" and with that he closed the gate.

As the gate clanged shut, a sudden cry burst from old Johann, "The tulips! They need me!" But all was silence. And then as he heard the key click in the lock of the gate, a sudden feeling of despair gripped him. He was being locked out of everything he loved in life—beauty, and sunshine and flowers and tulips. Tulips! He peered through the bars of the gate to catch a last glimpse of them but they had vanished. Old Johann suddenly felt old again, so old and utterly useless, with nothing to take care of, nothing to love. He sank down on a big black button of the flagstone path and buried his old wrinkled face in his rough old hands.

* * * * *

The next morning found Old Johann in his customary place in the tailor shop, sewing on buttons, poking his needle in and out, in and out, just as he had done for forty years. How many more would it be now? He shuddered and turned to his work again. Stitch, stitch, stitch, rather hopelessly, stitch, stitch, stitch

"Hey, Johann, the boss wants to see you!"

"Yah?" ejaculated Johann, blinking in surprise, and almost pricking himself with his needle. He jumped off his stool and hurried to the office. A tall aristocratic looking gentleman was speaking to the boss, and looked up as Johann entered. "So this is the man," he said to the boss, and to Johann, "Good morning, Mr. Van Nimwigen."

"Goot morning," said old Johann, staring at the stranger and wondering what he wanted with him. The stranger smiled, looked old Johann up and down, and then said, "Yes, I think you are just the man for me. I rather thought the

boss here would know of a Dutchman who would do. Do you know anything about raising prize tulips?"

"Yah, tulips, yah," answered old Johann enthusiastically, "I know everyting about 'em." and burst forth into a wild explanation in his native tongue. The stranger laughed. "That'll do," said he, "I see you know your stuff. The fact is, I'm building a little villa down on Long Island and I need a head gardener. Would you care to accept the position, Mr. Van Nimwigen? It's a life job, you know." Old Johann's eyes filled with tears, and he could not answer at first but could only murmur weakly, "Tulips, tulips, tulips!"

And the dice of fate? What of them that time? Oh, the god of Luck swears they were loaded!

—KATHARINE W. PATTON.

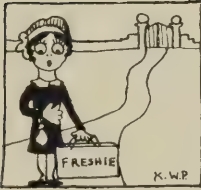




"Such joy I never saw before."

Calendar

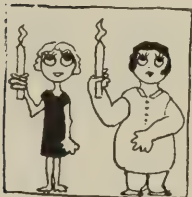
SEPTEMBER



- 10—We arrive, plus much greetings from old girls and awe-inspired stares from new girls.
- 12—Classes begin! Many Freshmen lost and located in wrong class rooms.
- 13—Church, concert by Stonewall Jackson band, and Y. W. C. A. in evening make an enjoyable first Sunday.
- 15—A loud bell awakes us at 6:30. Don't worry, girls, it's not a fire alarm, but only the gym bell.
- 16—Physical examination for everyone. Some girls are all right in their "weigh."
- 21—Annual picnic at Swannanoa! Much fun and hot dogs!
- 26—Dance given by Athletic Association.



OCTOBER



- 6—Exemption list posted. Much rejoicing, as all the star pupils gayly depart to study in their rooms.
- 12—Fairfax decides to explore the nether regions! Trip to Grottoes of the Shenandoah.
- 15—When we can't go to the movies, Miss Everest brings them to us. So three cheers for "Merton of the Movies."
- 25—Lighted candles, and Fairfax maidens with such soulful looks. You have guessed it, initiation of officers for Y. W. C. A.
- 29—A HOLIDAY!!! With the added joy of "Beau Brummel" and a concert by the Royal Scotch Band.
- 30—First real snow! All the Florida girls wire home for red flannels.
- 31—Invasion of Fairfax by witches, ghosts, and other queer looking creatures. Don't be alarmed, it's only the Annual Hallowe'en Masquerade dance given by the Athletic Association.



NOVEMBER



- 5—First student recital. We discover we have many budding musicians in our midst. Mostly budding!
- 7—Concert by Miss Ethelinde Smith enjoyed by all.
- 11—Armistice Day. We show our patriotism by going to see "America."
- 14—Rah, Fishburne. Rah, Episcopal High. We attend first football game this season. Booth Concert in evening.
- 21—Another addition to the Fairfax menagerie—the Dramatic Club presents "A Box of Monkeys."
- 22—We get acquainted with the old Southern melodies through the Darky Spiritualists.

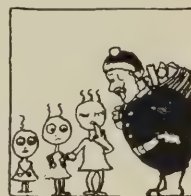


- 26—THANKSGIVING DAY. We indulge in breakfast in bed. Orange team beats Black team in basketball. Turkey dinner. (Nuff sed!) Football game. Fishburne vs. Augusta. Hurrah for Thanksgiving.
- 27—Infirmary full!!!
- 28—The faculty turns gipsy and entertains us.

DECEMBER



- 9—Gym at noon. Hurrah for later rising! The early bird can keep his worm. Who wants it, anyway?
- 12—The Christmas Recital!
- 13—The Christmas Pantomime. We wonder what kind of hair tonic the wise men used, to grow such beards overnight!
- 15—Who says "there ain't no Santa Claus?" He came to our Christmas party."
- 16—All aboard for Home, Sweet Home!!!



JANUARY

- 7—Fairfax again. Everyone arrives with new frat pins, new clothes, and New Year's resolutions.
- 14—The Debating Team is organized.
- 16—"We're just as sociable as sociable can be," say the Juniors, and prove it by giving a social which we all enjoy.
- 19—Robert E. Lee's birthday. We celebrate by going to Waynesboro to call on "Charley's aunt."
- 23—Concert by Emmi Pacholke Timberlake. Our annual chance to see the Paris styles.
- 25—A life-saver appears at Fairfax—the Senior Tea-Room!
- 29—Where have we heard this before?—"Girls, stay away from the edge by all means!" Crash!!!!



FEBRUARY



- 1—Fairfax has a corner on the onion market. Bring on your Listerine.
- 3—Mid-year examinations begin. Much fear and trembling and last-minute cramming.
- 6—Semi-annual guessing contest over at last. Everyone breathes sighs of relief.
- 8—We go to Waynesboro to see "When the Goose Hangs High." We wonder if it were the goose that laid the golden eggs.
- 10—Ruth, a daughter of Moab. Farewell, farewell, farewell!
- 12—Mrs. Pearson gives several readings at the Athletic Association meeting.
- 13—We all have a hearty time at the Senior Valentine Formal. Amid heartistic decorations, we heartlessly eat hearts of ice-cream and dance to the tune of "Who Stole My Heart Away?"
- 16—Concert by Stolofsky and McFaren.



- 17—Beginning of Lent. All the pleasingly plump maidens decide to diet.
 20—Mrs. Everest's recital and reception.
 22—Trip to Staunton to hear Reginald Warrenrath.

MARCH

- 1—We go back to our childhood days and carry our books in Boston bags.
 "Janice Meredith."
 2—Almost half the school shut out of Assembly for being late! Next time we'll get pinched for breaking the speed limit.



- 6—Cultural Class gives a Fashion Show and Dance.
 7—The Seniors suddenly become exclusive and form a Senior table.
 10—Two musical souls start saxophone lessons. (We moan with them!)
 12—"The Phantom of the Opera!" Nuff sed.
 13—The Freshmen decide to be original and give a Sport Dance.
 17—St. Patrick's Day. A sudden "Wearing of the Green."
 18—"A Kiss for Cinderella."
 20—The Juniors give a Minstrel Show. Right this way, ladies, for the disappearing bricks.
 21—First day of Spring. Symptoms of spring fever already.
 24—Senior privileges posted. Also Culturals and Secretarials. Never mind, little Juniors, you'll be Seniors next year.
 The Darky Spiritualists come again.
 27—Glee Club recital! Quite a floral affair, with corsages and "Water Lilies."
 28—The Freshmen go to see "The Freshmen." So do the other classes. For the first time, do the Seniors condescend to walk all the way to Waynesboro for the sake of a mere Freshman.
 29—All the Fairfax maidens don sweet smiles. No wonder, they're having their pictures taken for the annual.

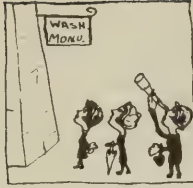


APRIL

- 1—April Fool's Day. Pranks on cranks!
 We parade the campus at midnight Fire Drill!
 2—We try to improve on nature at the Junior Beauty Parlor.
 4—Easter Day. New hats and corsages very much in evidence. The Culturals hold a Song Service in the morning.
 5—We inspect the campus microscopically for Easter eggs, egged on by thoughts of the prize.
 6—Hurrah for the Orange and the Black! Fairfax goes to hear the Princeton University Orchestra in Staunton.
 10—The Juniors give a "Tacky" Party. Some of us come in our customary garbs.
 12—Snow again!
 14—We all have a date with the "Midshipman."
 24—The Sophomores give a party on the porch.
 26—Trip to Monticello via Charlottesville.



MAY



- 1—Trip to Natural Bridge. The "Bridge of Sighs" has nothing on this bridge of size . . . and beauty.
- 15—The Junior-Senior banquet. Wonderful food, especially the "toasts."
- 28—Much excitement and thrills. The Commencement Play.
- 29—The Seniors blossom out in orchid and green at the class day exercises. Commencement recital in the evening.
- 30—We feel quite important, being talked about for a whole hour. Baccalaureate Sermon.
- 31—The sweet girl grads receive their sheepskins with thankful hearts. Farewell tears, then all aboard for Home, Sweet Home.





Good-By, Proud School

(With apologies to Emerson)

Good-by, old school! I'm going home,
You are my friend and I am thine.
Through the swift flying months I roam,
A lone ship on the school sea's brine.
Long have I tossed like the driven foam,
And now, proud school, I'm going home.

Good-by to blue slips' yawning face,
To the early morning race,
To the teacher's wary eye,
To the marks both low and high,
To the crowded halls we meet
With frozen hearts, and dragging feet;
To those who go and those who come
Good-by, proud school, I'm going home.

When I am safe in my own home
I'll laugh at books of Greece and Rome;
And when I'm stretched on my own bed
I'll laugh at all the things you've said.
I'll laugh at all the tales we've told,
I'll think of morning gym so cold,
No more shall I to these things come,
Good-by, dear school, I'm going home!

—SALLY FAGADAW.





ROMEO AND JULIET

June, 1925

MISS MARY KATHARINE BAIRD TO MR. WALLACE BROOKS,
Knoxville, Tennessee

August, 1925

MISS MARY MARGARET ECHOLS TO MR. ELWYN H. BISHOP,
Chicago, Illinois

November, 1925

MISS LAURA PAGE STEELE TO MR. HAROLD D. DUKE,
Rockingham, North Carolina

November, 1925

MISS JANIS RICHARDSON TO MR. AUSTIN C. RING,
Flushing, Long Island

December, 1925

MISS OPAL HATHAWAY TO MR. BERNARD FINNIGAN,
South Bend, Indiana

January, 1926

MISS ISABEL FAITH CHAFEE TO MR. JOSEPH N. HIGLEY, JR.,
Wesleyville, Pennsylvania

March, 1926

MISS ELEANOR PEABODY TO MR. ROBERT P. ELLIOTT,
Cleveland, Ohio

April, 1926

MISS ELLA MAREE SHAFFER TO MR. HUGH J. DRISCOLL,
Jersey City, New Jersey



FAN DANCE



You have seen the many poems
And pictures of us folks;
Now prepare yourself for a good laugh
And turn and read these jokes.

Lulu: "Miss Thomas just worships us, doesn't she?"

Eleanor: "Sure, she places burnt offerings before us daily."

Mr. Pearson (to Nancy Olds): "Where was Jacob born?"

Nancy (ponderingly): "Er-eh."

Mr. Pearson: "That's right—in Ur."

Miss Little: "Your explanation is as clear as mud."

Doris Ellison: "Well, that covers the ground anyway!"

Bobby Seiferth (riding): "Oh, yes, I have a passing acquaintance with my horse—that is, I only meet him occasionally!"



If one doesn't eat for seven days it makes one weak.

SUCH IS LIFE!

He gazed lovingly at her glistening eyes,
That reflected the blue of the heavens' own skies,
At the pure white teeth and lips so red,
And wondered what they might have said.
Her wavy brown hair with that "Golden Glint,"
Seemed dropped from heaven with the sun's own tint.
Her beauty was fashioned in coat of fur
That seemed to belong to a part of her
He glanced at the shoes so small and neat—
All this on a horse! For the love of Pete!



Miss Kagey: "Were you copying her chemistry notes?"

Martha Larmon: "Oh, no, I was only looking to see if she had mine right."

WANTED: A REMEDY FOR THE FACULTY

The Faculty seems at times to be color blind. They see red and give out blue slips.

A NEW FINE

People who walk in their sleep when they have three automobiles deserve to be fined.

QUITE SAFE!

He: "You say you don't trust me and won't take any chances."

She: "I wouldn't even accompany you on the piano without a chaperon."

Miss McCarty: "Marion, have you done any outside reading lately?"

Marion: "No, Miss McCarty, it's too cold out now."



Miss Clark: "Give me a sentence using the word 'satiare'."

Tommy: "I gave my girl some candy and I'll satiate a lot."

Elberta: "Do you know Poe's 'Raven'?"

Dot Krauss: "No, what's he raving about?"

A GOOD EXAMPLE

A grape fruit is a lemon which had a chance and took it.

HELP FOR EVOLUTIONISTS

Man may not have descended from a monkey, but it has been proved that quite a few people descend from aeroplanes every year.

In Books, how do—

Faces soften?

Eyes melt?

Hearts fall?

Mouths harden?

Smiles freeze?

Mallie: "Why did you name your Ford 'Pyorrhea'?"

"John": Four out of five have them."

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Mildred Gaines shooting a horse?

Doris Ellison without "pep"?

Muriel Horner as Cupid?

Sallie Fagadaw's bank account after a fire drill?

New songs at a "pep" meeting?

Dorothy Taylor taking in washing?

Miss Brownlee playing a saxophone?

Jean Parsons letting a dog starve?

Rusty Wright a wall flower at a dance?

Babs awake during her practice period?





Bettie Ebbert covered with freckles?
 Mr. Maxwell being unfair?
 Ann Louise Hughes getting rattled?
 Miss Little supervising the raising of cats?
 Mallie Nolen disagreeable?
 Why our Varsity never lost a game?
 Forgetting our friends of '26?
 We can't!

The three R's at "Prep" and College are getting to be "rah, rah, rah!"

Miss Clark (in Psychology): "How can we remember an emotion?"
 Class (unanimously): "How can we *forget* one!!"

A MODERN GRAMMAR LESSON

Simple: "All Alone."
 Compound: "Me and My Boy Friend."
 Complex: "My Best Gal."
 Antithesis: "She Told Me She Loved Me, But Oh! How She Lied!"
 Interrogative: "Who?"
 Indirect Question: "I Wonder What Became of Sally?"
 Casual Clause: "Because They All Love You."
 Descriptive: "Pretty Little Blue-Eyed Sally."
 Emphatic: "Oh Lady, Be Good!"
 Subjunctive: "If You Will Be the Only One for Me."
 Assertion: "Let It Rain, Let It Pour, I'll Be in Virginia in the Morning."
 Verbal: "Adoring You."
 Historic: "Bring Back Those Rock-a-Bye Baby Days."
 Romantic: "Remember."
 Fact: "We're Strong for Fairfax."

Mr. Pearson (in chapel): "Now, for two weeks I'm going to talk about the development of the character."

Voice from Student Body: "May I go upstairs and get a pillow?"

Mrs. Shumway: "With what letter does the first person, singular, of the present tense end?"

Thelma: "What was the question?"

Mrs. Shumway: "With what letter does the first person, singular, of the present tense end?"

Thelma: "Oh!"

Mrs. Shumway: "'O'—that's right."

WE WANT TO KNOW

What did the Boston bag?
 What did the tree leave?
 Whom did the railroad track?
 What did the Arctic bear?
 How does the street car fare?
 Why did the tooth paste?
 What did the tie dye?
 Whom did the tennis court?
 Isn't the baby grand?





Rusty: "What would you say if I flunked four subjects?"

Dottie: "Get out, you're fooling!"

Rusty: "That's what Miss Little said!!!"

HEARD AT MOORE'S

"Have you Kleenex?"

"No, but we have Carbona."

"FAIRFAX FIZZ"

Fairfax is a Hall of Fame,
Best known in the land,
For its drinks are all the same—
"Maxwell House" the brand.

Fairfax Hall is full of fun,
Lots of cute cadets,
Teachers furnish chewing-gum
And silk-tipped cigarettes!
(So's your old man!)

"Little" means a small amount,
But I'm here to say
If we "Miss Little" we miss a lot
In our work each day.

Girls meet Charlie Lafferty,
You will know him soon,
The only boy he lets us see—
Is our dear "GYM" at noon.

A Fairfax maid in church al'way
Would smile at some-one's son,
'Till alas! one fateful day
She smiled at "Mis Boy-ton."

Whom does Kay Patton the back?
What does Rusty Wright?
Is Carolyn White or Black?
Babs Armstrong for a fight?

What kind of Bush grows in Schofield?
Do Parsons gather Moss?
In what "Chappell" did Lee McNeil?
And why is Marion Cross?

Does Harriet Price and pay the best,
When Josephine Woodzell?
How long will Miss Ever-est?
And who cracked Lulu's Bell?

When Tommy Knox at the door
Will Wee Winkie Waite?
If Lois Failes, is she sore,
Or dreaming of a date?

Mallie is a pretty child,
She hated alge-bray!
And she cried when nearly wild,
"I'll do this 'Shum-way!'"

When you skate upon the pool
In water you may fall,
But all may Charleston on the courts
At the Tennis Ball.

If "Faith" is Davis and "Hope" is Clark
Who is Charity?
Is Rosa's Whitehead ever dark?
Does Kehoc(le) need a key?

Freddie asked for a week-end,
Her dad a check did send,
Daddie also sent a hat
For his child's weak-end.

If Mildred Gaines, is Betty Stout?
Will Carol Gro ver(y) tall?
If you drag your bag in the hall and shout,
Do blue slips ever fall?

Webster has a great big book
In our study hall,
But we never need to look,
'Cause "Sadie" knows it all.

Tho' your title isn't grand,
Cheer up, just the same,
For some day some nice big man
May ask to change your name.

She: "Did you see Cleo ride by in her new chariot?"

He: "Oh, that couldn't have Ben Hur."

WHAT RUSTY THINKS

And just a few years ago being knock-kneed was a misfortune
instead of a dance.

Now that we've had our share of fun,
We remember the past spent together as one,
And it looms up before us to echo the call,
From that dear school we love so, Fairfax Hall.





Principal Parts

"Be thou as chaste as ice and as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."

<i>Noun</i>	<i>Pronoun</i>	<i>Adjective</i>
1. Barbara Armstrong	Babs	Athletic
2. Marjorie Austin	Marj.	Artistic
3. Borden Baird	Borden	Budding
4. Louise Barr	Lou	Brainy
5. Lulu Bell	Lulu	Bashful
6. Mary Blackwell	Mary	Busy
7. Marguerite Blanchard	Dete	Bonny
8. Dorothy Boyd	Dot	Beautiful
9. Mary Bush	Bushy	Beguiling
10. Katharine Butler	Kay	Boisterous
11. Elsa Castner	Elsa	Cynical
12. Regina Chappell	Regina	Complacent
13. Hortense Clark	Happy	Composed
14. Florence Conner	Flo	Congenial
15. Evelyn Crocker	Ev	Cheerful
16. Marion Cross	Marion	Competent
17. Mae Cunningham	Mae	Corpulent
18. Faith Davis	Charley	Daring
19. Bettie Ebbert	Bets	Effeminate
20. Doris Ellison	Doris	Entertaining
21. Blanche Evans	Betty	Exact
22. Sadie Fagadaw	Sally	Fluent
23. Lois Failes	Lois	Fastidious
24. Pauline Flad	Polly	Friendly
25. Mildred Gaines	Goliath	Good-hearted
26. Florence Gallagher	Flo	Gleeful
27. Betty Gibson	Betty	Gloomy
28. Lorena Givens	Lorena	Gentle
29. Carol Grover	Carol	Giddy
30. Mary Margaret Henry	Peg	Harmless
31. Geraldine Hilliard	Jerry	Honorable
32. Vashti Hodge	Vashti	Happy
33. Muriel Horner	Mur	Handsome
34. Elberta Hubbard	El	Handy
35. Ann Louise Hughes	Googs	High-spirited
36. Isabelle Kehoe	Izzy	Keen
37. Betty Kemper	Betty	Knowing
38. Bernice Knox	Tommy	Kind-hearted
39. Dorothy Krauss	Dot	Kidding
40. Martha Larmon	Martha	Loyal
41. Charlotte Layton	Billy	Likeable
42. Beatrice Lichtenstein	Bee	Loquacious
43. Lee McNeil	Lee	Mild
44. Jane McKesson	Jane	Mischievous
45. Natalie Miller	Natalie	Modest
46. Kathleen Miller	Kathleen	Meditative
47. Catherine Moss	Kit	Modern
48. Mallie Nolen	Mallie	Naughty
49. Mae Ogle	Mae	Ornamental
50. Nancy Olds	Nancy	Obliging

of Fairfax

<i>Verb</i>	<i>Adverb</i>	<i>Object</i>
1. Ventures	Where she shouldn't	To play the "Sax" in Paul Whiteman's orchestra
2. Chases	Golf balls	To attract men
3. Looks	More than talks	To be a sweet girl graduate
4. Chuckles	Contagiously	To play her part on the world's stage
5. Complains	Aloud	To sing in Grand Opera
6. Types	Untiringly	To see the world
7. Helps	In everything	To be a famous literary critic
8. Banters	Alluringly	To possess "Frat" pins unlimited
9. Convinces	Charmingly	To live happily ever after
10. Gets	Into Trouble	To please Miss Maxwell
11. Devours	Chocolate pudding	To return to the Golden Gate
12. Scrutinizes	Disturbingly	Permanently arched eyebrows
13. Agrees	Indiscriminately	To have flowing tresses
14. Swims	Like a fish	To race Gertrude Ederle
15. Thinks	Seriously and otherwise	To in-"Tim"-idate
16. Knows	Too much	To be a public speaker
17. Knows	Too little	To run—anything!
18. Runs	Wild	To grow up
19. Charms	Without effort	To be a Coles Philips model
20. Disturbs	The scholastic atmosphere	Nobody knows!
21. Inclines	Domestically	To edit a cook-book
22. Disputes	Everything	To be Mayor of Pittsburgh
23. "Sam"-ples	Most of the time	To sleep
24. Influences	Quietly	To steer the Juniors to safety
25. Rides	Waking and sleeping	A side-saddle
26. Tears	Around the building	To enjoy eating
27. Disagrees	Chronically	To continue her good record
28. Blushes	Easily	To "express" with ease
29. Criticizes	Frankly	To step out
30. Affects	Experiences	To be sophisticated
31. Bears	Responsibilities	To bring order out of Freshmen chaos
32. Resembles	A cherub	To be willowy
33. Throws	A mean line	Organdy and ruffles
34. Is liked	Generally	To edit the <i>New York Times</i>
35. Wears	Everything well	Mayo
36. Works	Efficiently	To sponsor woman's entrance into politics
37. Spreads	Cheer	To collect "Bills"
38. Writes	Incessantly	To imitate Edgar A. Guest
39. Diets	Every once in a while	To be champion pickle eater
40. Champions	Florida	To live and die there
41. Makes	and keeps friends	To master "Vergil"
42. Practises	Expression	To write eighteen line sonnets
43. Grins	Continually	To graduate in socks
44. Continues	Popular	To appear on the cover of "Vogue"
45. Obliges	Faithfully	To be good
46. Masters	Arts and crafts	S. M. A. Finals
47. Goes	On week-ends	To have a vocabulary
48. Weeps	Never	To sing like "Mama"
49. Flirts	Professionally	To own a "Parrot"
50. Dives	Enviably	To be a woman of the world



Principal Parts

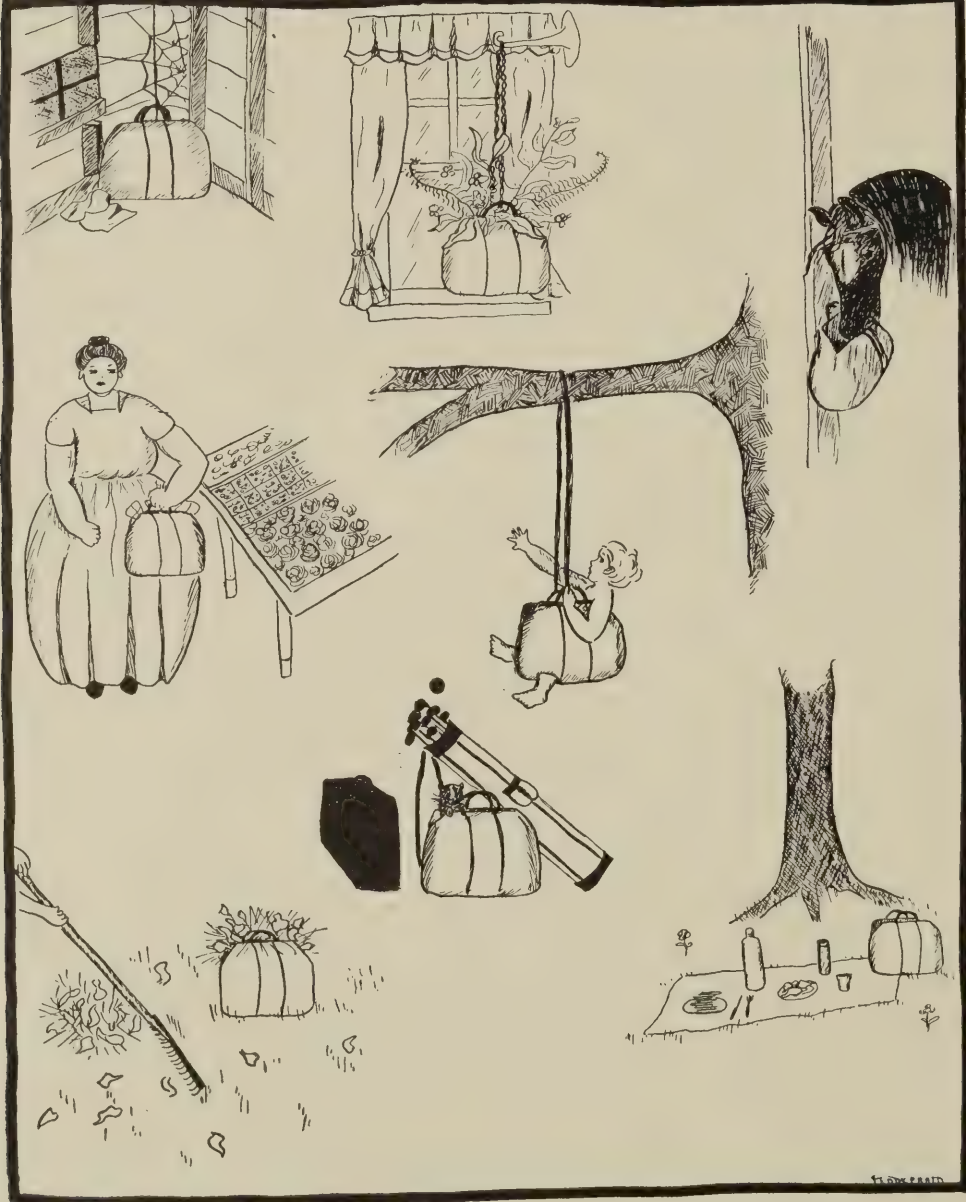
<i>Noun</i>	<i>Pronoun</i>	<i>Adjective</i>
51. Patricia Olds	Pat	Observant
52. Eleanor Osborne	Eleanor	Orderly
53. Gladys Puckett	Puckett	Passionate
54. Doris Parsons	Dorry	Peppy
55. Jean Parsons	Jean	Particular
56. Virginia Pattie	Virginia	Patient
57. Katharine Patton	Kay	Pensive
58. Margaret Pennington	Pen	Placid
59. Alice Pratt	Teddy	Playful
60. Harriet Price	Harriet	Pleasant
61. Virginia Rainford	Gin	Resolute
62. Josephine Recio	Josey	Romantic
63. Sophia Recio	Sophy	Reckless
64. Flora Revelle	Flo	Roguish
65. Beverley Robison	Bev	Rebellious
66. Matilda Rutledge	Tilly	Retiring
67. Claire Sargent	Claire	Sincere
68. Helen Saunders	Helen	Serious
69. Thelma Schofield	Thelma	Sociable
70. Roberta Seiferth	Bobby	Stoical
71. Mary Slemmons	Freddy	Saucy
72. Nora Slifer	Nora	Steady
73. Janet Smith	Jan	Sage
74. Mary Smith	Mary	Sweet
75. Mary Soléliac	Soléli	Striking
76. Virginia Stolberg	Gin	Sensible
77. Betty Stout	Betty	Spontaneous
78. Helen Strickland	Rene	Serene
79. Pauline Sutman	Polly	Systematic
80. Edith Swink	Edith	Sophisticated
81. Anne Taylor	Anne	Tyrannical
82. Dorothy Taylor	Dotty	Tactful
83. Virginia Taylor	Jiggs	Touchy
84. Margaret Tackles	Peg	Teasing
85. Constance Teed	Connie	Tranquil
86. Alma Turner	Alma	Thoughtful
87. Evelyn Turner	Evelyn	Timid
88. Emma Vanden Bosch	Emmy	Vigilant
89. Mary Van Kirk	Kirky	Verbose
90. Betty Van der Kloot	Betty	Vivacious
91. Dorothy Waite	Dorothy	Wistful
92. Marjorie Waite	Winkie	Whimsical
93. Henrietta Watts	Henri	Wholesome
94. Carolyn White	Carol	Worthy
95. Rosa Mae Whitehead	Rosa	Wheedling
96. Elsie Winans	Elsie	Willing
97. Lillian Woodward	Diddy	Winning
98. Josephine Woodzell	Josie	Well-behaved
99. Hannah Wright	Rusty	Witty

of Fairfax

<i>Verb</i>	<i>Adverb</i>	<i>Object</i>
51. Excells	In Expression	To attain perfection
52. Warbles	Tunefully	To be a famous botanist
53. Advertizes	Henna hair wash	To be a knock-out
54. Radiates	Joy	Never to lose her charm
55. Spends	Lavishly	To be a débutante
56. Pursues	Persistently	To do what is expected of her
57. Gives	Promise of fame	To live in the heart of romance
58. Talks	Volubly	To own a dictophone
59. Wields	A paint-brush	To attain dignity
60. Loves	Books	To be a heroine
61. Collects	Jewelry	To make a lasting conquest
62. Breaks	Hearts	To speak the King's English
63. Strums	The mandolin	To have a good time
64. Rises	At the breakfast bell	To have fun
65. Glories	In cute shoes	To visit Egypt
66. Speaks	When spoken to	Peace and quiet
67. Personifies	A true Yankee	To understand Southern ways
68. Studies	Diligently	To have nothing more to learn
69. Sings	Excellently	To look like a French doll
70. Tries	To toe the mark	To achieve distinction
71. Drives	The Faculty to distraction	To enter the Follies
72. Weighs	In many ways	We can't find out
73. Raves	On and on	To be the fount of all knowledge
74. Makes	Us wonder	To be naughty, but nice
75. Deceives	In years	To find <i>the</i> man
76. Works	A wonderful wave	A cottage in Michigan
77. Tickles	The ivories	Tiger cubs in Old Nassau
78. Inspires	Our admiration	To always do her shopping on Fifth Avenue
79. Keeps	The Ten Commandments	To be somebody's "stenog."
80. Assumes	Much	To travel on the Great White Way
81. Appears	When the food does	To be contented
82. Steps	Out	To make somebody happy
83. Curves	Cutely	To captivate cadets
84. Succumbs	To crushes	To be like "Helen"
85. Parle	Comme une Parisienne	To complete her travels
86. Grows	Upon us	To settle down
87. Treads	The straight and narrow	To do as Alma does
88. Lives	In a daze	To fall in love
89. Drawls	Exasperatingly	To understand men
90. Enjoys	Nerves	To be diplomatic
91. Sews	Daintily	To design for Altmans
92. Attracts	The eye	To have many suitors
93. Adores	The out-doors	To make the All-American hockey team
94. Represents	School spirit	To do the right thing
95. Pleases	Pleasingly	To raise a family
96. Displays	A sweet disposition	To enjoy life
97. Receives	Too much mail	A. M. A. Finals
98. Competes	With the Sphinx	To have her fling
99. Amuses	In speech and actions	To be alluring



Futures Of Our Cowhides



The Study Hour

(With apologies to Longfellow)

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a time in our day's occupations,
That is known as the Study Hour.

One hears a bell's sudden ringing
The clatter of many feet,
The sound of doors that are opened
And voices high and sweet.

Pell-mell, they hurry and scurry
Descending the broad hall stairs—
Grave maids and laughing maidens
And maids with studious airs.

A sudden rush from the stairway!
("Blue slips" if you're late at all!)
Through a door that's almost closing,
They enter the Study Hall.

The last bell rings for warning,
They sigh and open their books;
And some look thirsty for knowledge;
And others wear mischievous looks.

They clamber 'round Miss Selman
Asking permissions here and there.
If she tries to escape, they surround her,
And follow her everywhere.

They almost devour her with questions
For this and that and what you will,
'Til Miss Selman weakly murmurs:
"Young ladies, please keep still.

Do you think, you silly students,
Who talk in the back of the hall,
That such a study hall keeper as I
Is not a match for you all?

Oh, I have you fast in this room
And will not let you depart,
But will keep you here each evening
'Til you prove that you are smart—

Or 'til you get your eighty-five
And that won't be, I daresay
'Til these walls have crumbled to ruin
And mouldered in dust away!"

—By "ONE WHO KNOWS."





FAIRFAX HALL
AND
CAMPUS

Appreciations

The co-operation and loyal support in the making of this book, which we, the Editorial Staff, have received from everyone in school, have been largely responsible for whatever success we may have had. Especially do we wish to thank those who have spent so much time in typing our material, so much care on the Art contributions, so much thought in the Literary departments, and so much enthusiasm in donating kodak negatives.

"We can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
Our prayers to Heaven for you, our loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be, growing."



The Weavers

In the Shenandoah Valley,
Lovely green and fertile valley,
Where the rivers run like silver
Ever onward to the ocean,
On their rippled waters bearing
Pink and white and creamy petals,
Harbingers of rose-red apples
From the trees whence they have fallen.
Where the fields of rolling greenness,
Fields of prosp'rous yielding gardens,
Tended by strong hands of farmers,
Stretch away to meet the mountains.
Where the green is cut in patches
By the roadway's tawny ribbon.
Over hill and hollow winding;
Curving past the red-roofed houses,
Wearing wreathed blue smoke halos,
Wearing like a mantle, laughter
From the lips of merry children,
Laugh that echo through the valley,
Lovely Shenandoah Valley,
Where our Alma Mater stands.

All around it rise the mountains,
Rise the blue as sapphire mountains,
Over which the mists at dawning
Hang like bridal veils so filmy.
Over which the sun comes creeping,
Setting fire the valley slowly,
Every twig and dewdrop gilding,
Every living thing awaking
From its sleep of star-kissed slumbers
To the rosy morn of rapture.
Blue jays in the pine trees screaming,
Cocks upon the fences crowing,
Tinkling sound of sheep bells ringing,
Sounds of people early stirring,
In the valley in the dawning,
In the valley bathed in sunlight,
Golden Shenandoah Valley,
Where our Alma Mater stands.

O, most dear, our Alma Mater,
In the morn of life we seek thee,
And we come with young hearts beating,
Filled with ever ardent longing,
In our unskilled fingers holding
Skeins of golden thread for weaving,
Which we know not how to fashion.
Thine it is to make the pattern,
And to fill our eyes with visions.
Thine it is to give the magic
Of a courage deep within us
That will make us ever eager
For each dawning day of weaving.



Four years have we spent with thee,
O most dear, our Alma Mater,
And our hands have grown more skillful
As we followed out thy bidding;
Threads of silk we wove so lightly,
Threads of wool our fingers bruising,
Threads of gold and threads of silver,
In the tapestry we're weaving.

All our shuttles now are empty,
All our tapestries completed,
And we must go forth and leave thee,
Seeking out new looms and larger,
Thus to do still greater weaving.
Always will our fingers follow
In the pattern of thy making;
Always will our eyes be shining,
With the visions thou hast given;
Always will our hearts be beating
With love for thee, our Alma Mater.
Love that will but grow the deeper
Through the years that stretch before us,
Years of faithful, wond'rous weaving
In the path where dreams lead on;
Love that binds us ever to thee,
Golden bonds that will not sever,
Till we leave our paltry weaving
To become great Master Weavers;
Till we leave our looms all vacant
In the dying light of sunset,
In the rosy golden sunset,
Fading into mystic twilight
And a night of stars of glory.

It is night-fall in the valley,
In the hushed echo valley,
Where the rosy blushing sunset
Steals away on ashen tiptoes
Through the rows of whisp'ring pine trees,
And the night winds softly murmur
To the streams of running silver.
Where the violet shadows lengthen,
Glide across from every mountain,
And the stars begin to twinkle
In a sky of purple pansies
And a crescent slowly rising
Poises on a steeple slender,
Listens to the sweet, clear piping
Of a whippoorwill that's crying
Crying through the boscy shadows,
Shadows which the lights are pricking,
Red and green and eerie white ones
From the laughing eyes of houses
In the darkness of the valley,
In the black enshrouded valley,
Sleeping Shenandoah Valley,
Where our Alma Mater stands.

—KATHARINE W. PATTON, '26.





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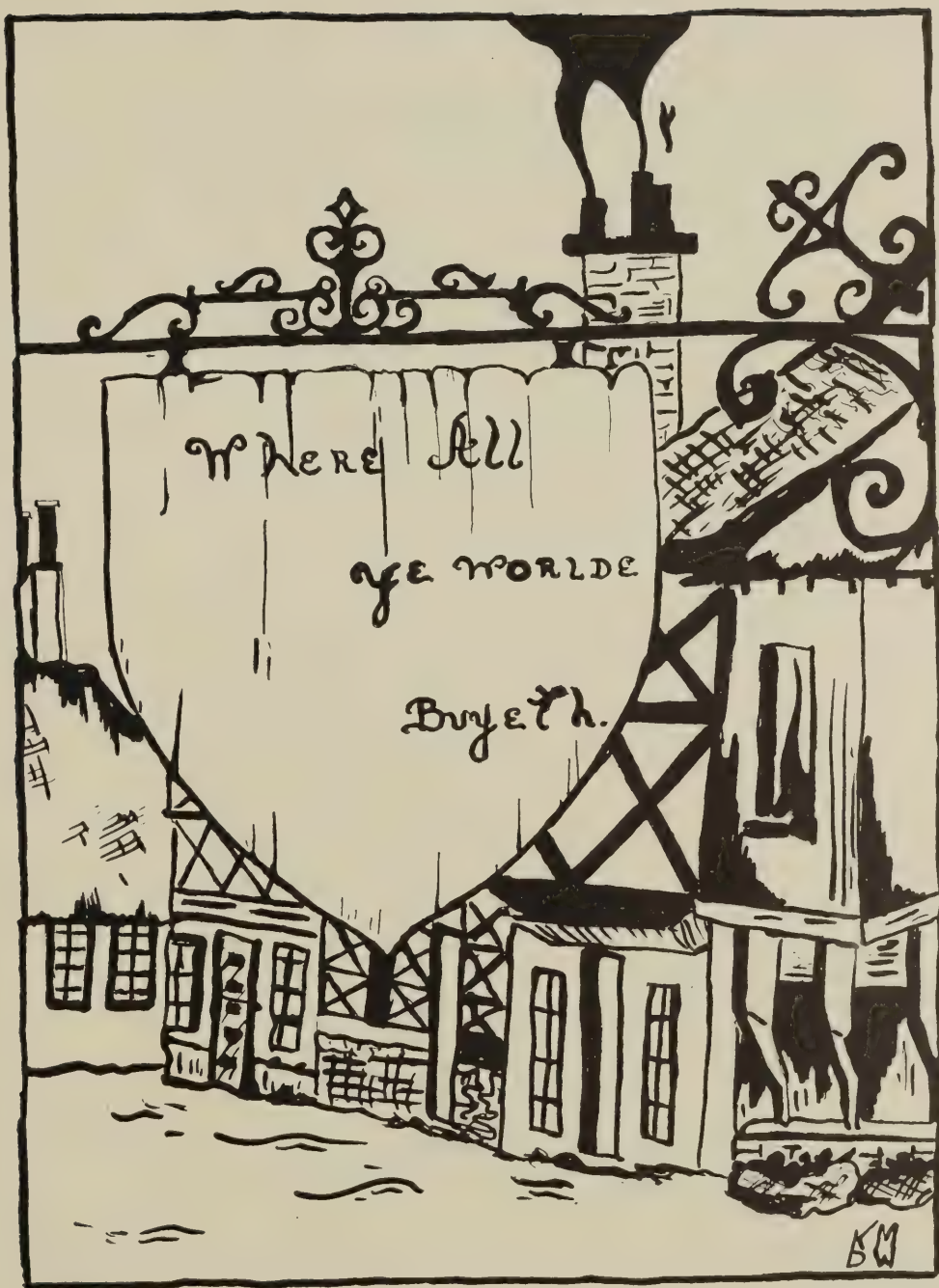


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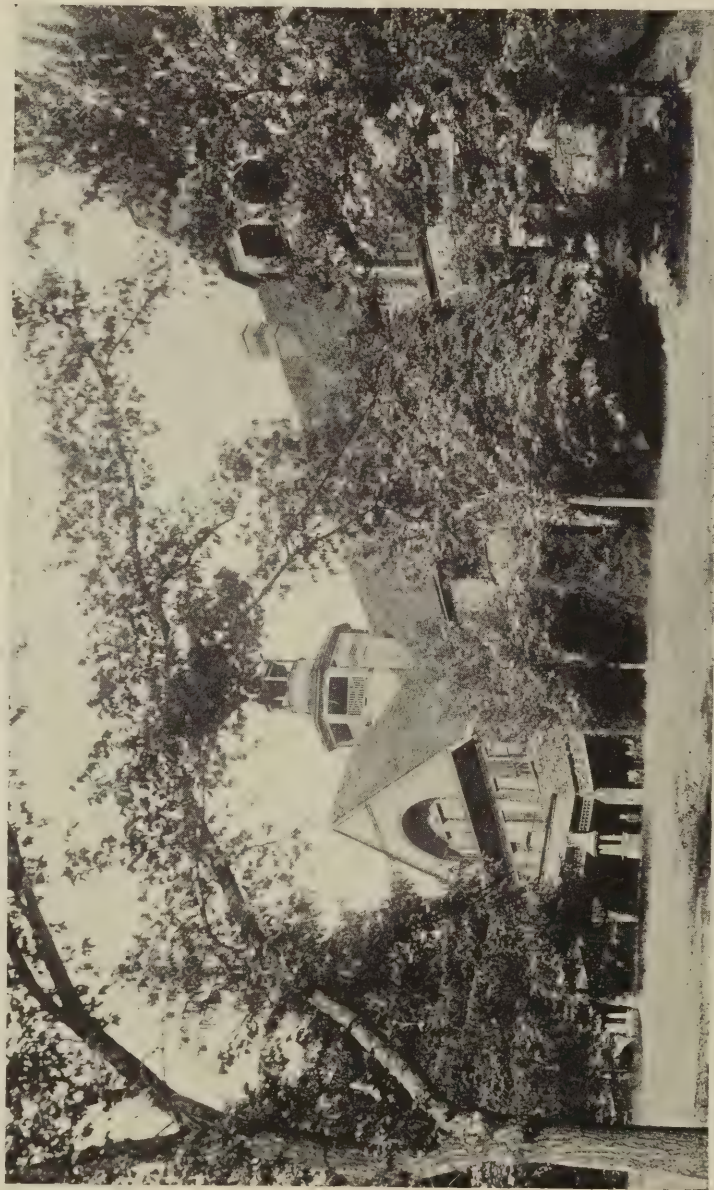




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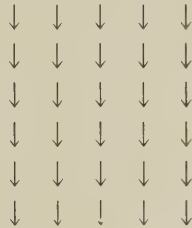
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EIGHTEEN MONTHS AFTER REORGANIZATION COMPARATIVE STATEMENT CONDENSED

	RESOURCES	August 15, 1924	Feb. 15, 1926
Loans and Discounts		\$57,536.14	\$196,288.74
Bonds Owned		None	153,056.00
Banking House and Fixtures		9,840.71	11,970.17
Cash and Due from Banks		6,558.08	51,589.14
		<hr/> \$73,934.93	<hr/> \$416,033.66
	LIABILITIES		
Capital Stock		\$12,400.00	\$ 25,000.00
Surplus		None	10,000.00
Profits		787.35	2,995.44
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